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The BYSTANDER

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Tuesday Evening Thirteenth November
1852

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Charles Dickens

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(Original of above letter is displayed in Hotel Lounge.)

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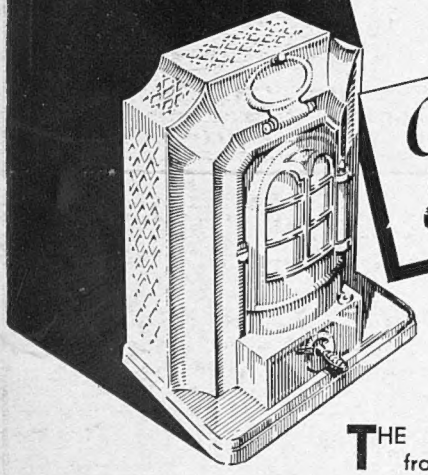

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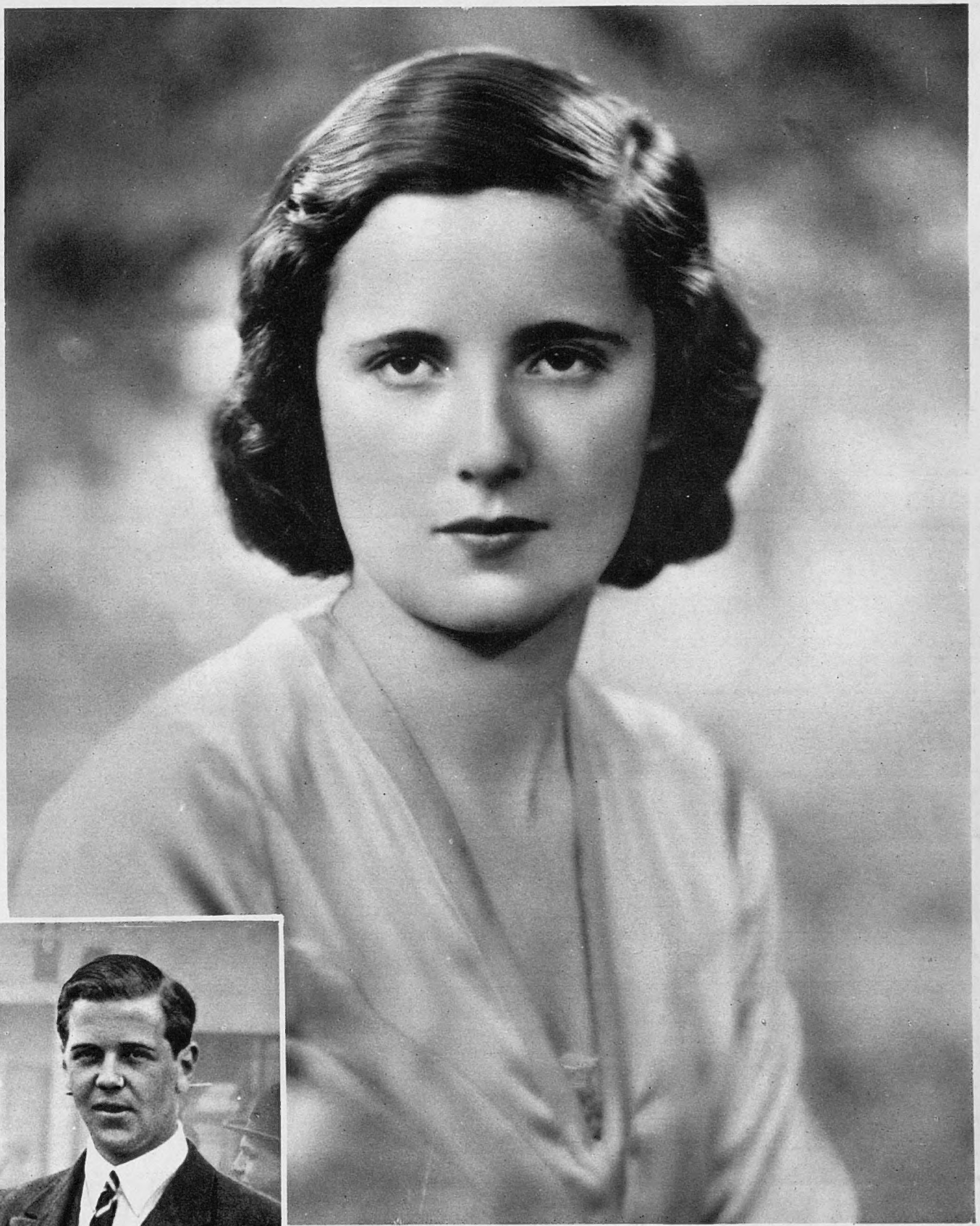


Claude Harris

MISS BETTY DU PRE

A new portrait of Miss Betty du Pre, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. William du Pre, of Wilton Park, Beaconsfield, whose engagement to Lord Churston was announced last week. Lord Churston, who is twenty-two, succeeded to the title in 1930

The Lord Churston

Sports "Men" All

Some Modern Dianas

Below : Miss Bridget Arkwright, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Arkwright, is, like her sisters, very good on a horse, and has done a lot of sailing with her uncle, Viscount Bangor, in his racing yacht

Lenare

Miss Ulrica Thynne

Above : Miss Ulrica Thynne is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Ulric Thynne, and is one of the people who migrate up to Melton Mowbray as soon as the hunting season opens

Tunbridge

Miss Bridget Arkwright

Yevonde

Lady Broughton

Sir Delves Broughton's wife is as well known in the racing world as he is himself, and he is not only a regular, but an owner as well. Lady Broughton is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Boscawen Griffiths-Boscawen, of Trevalyn, Wales

Kay Vaughan

Miss Penelope Portman

The only daughter of the Hon. Gerald Portman, whose country amusements include hunting, stalking and shooting

Lenare

Miss "Jim" Umfreville

Above : Both Miss "Jim" Umfreville and her younger sisters, who are the daughters of Lieut.-Colonel Umfreville, C.M.G., D.S.O., are regulars in the hunting-field, and at point-to-points and shows. Miss "Jim" Umfreville is engaged to Mr. Richard Dauncey, Lieut.-Colonel Thursby Dauncey's only son

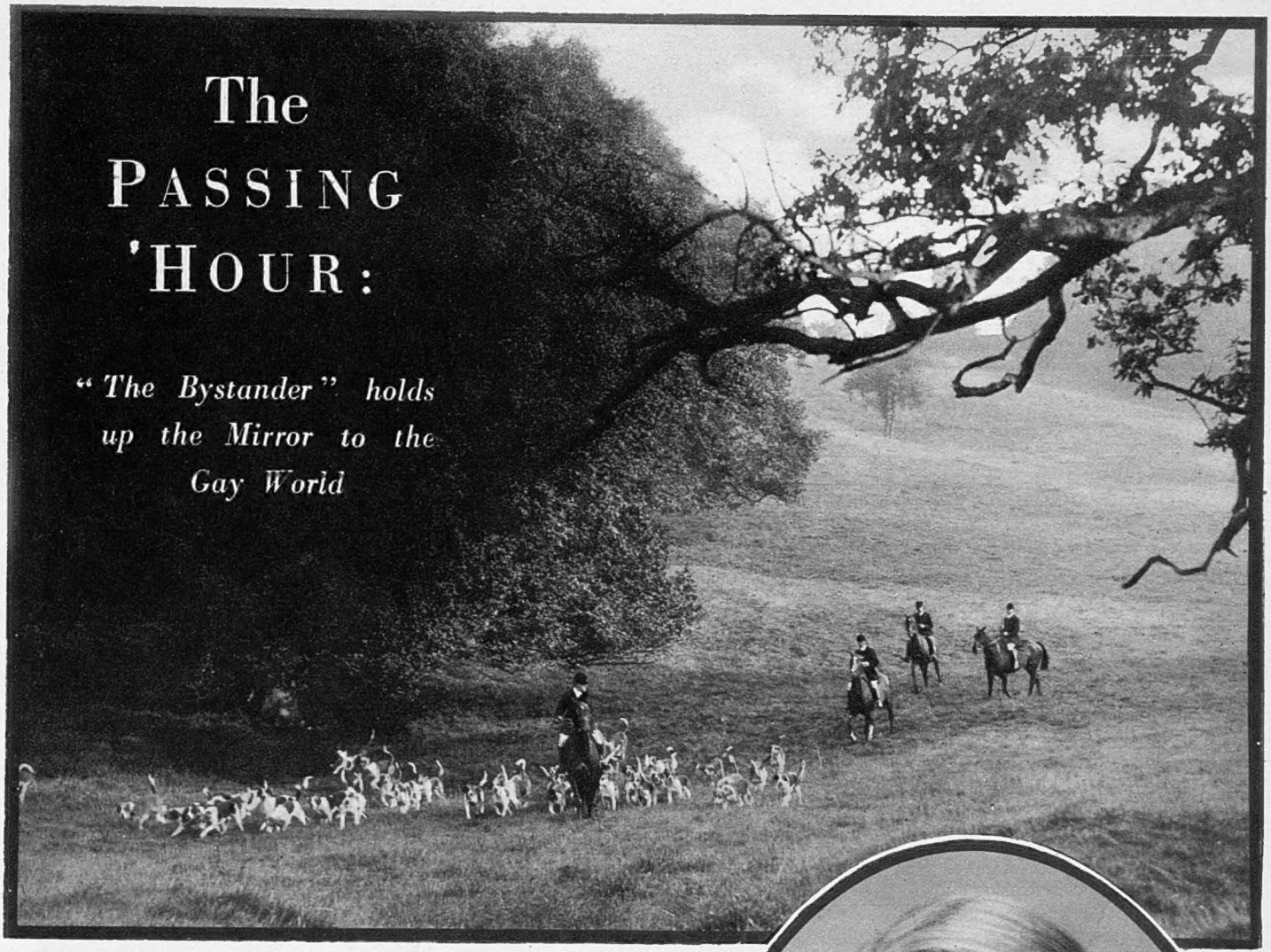
Right : Mrs. Magor is the wife of Major Philip Magor, the well-known polo player ; she is herself very fond of riding. Her father was the late Colonel Winterbottom, of Aston Hall, Derby

Bertram Park

Mrs. Philip Magor

The PASSING 'HOUR:

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World



Cub-hunting in Surrey

The country over which the Chiddingfold Hounds hunt is some of the loveliest in Surrey, though it is too enclosed and wooded to produce first-class hunting. Above are hounds moving to a new covert after a recent meet at Combe Court. Further photographs of the Chiddingfold out cub-hunting are on later pages

AFTER all, the reopening night of the Embassy Club did not turn out to be a good social barometer of London. Many familiar faces were absent, and many new strange ones were there in force. But the crowd was such that dancing was as absurdly impossible as on an extension night in June, and nobody who arrived after eleven o'clock could get a table.

THE blue and crystal walls have completely altered the whole appearance of the Club. Peter, who had a nervous breakdown following the departure of Jack Harris's band, is still in an Italian nursing home. Carlo, the head waiter, who had the top left side of the room, has gone. A new man has been brought in from the Café de Paris. They have altered the bar downstairs, and there was no sign of Jackson, the black cat.

MARGARET WHIGHAM, who had a streaming cold, was there. So was Rose Bingham, who now works in a hat-shop. So was Dale Bourn, who has gone into business as a hairdresser. Gertrude Lawrence, without her platinum streak, the Eddie Barons, back from Biarritz, Mrs. Elizabeth Murphy, returned from a yachting holiday, Miss Bunting Stephenson, back from Cannes, and the Pims were among the owners of familiar profiles.

ELSEWHERE, Sir Jock Buchanan-Jardine, who gets as good a "press" about his clothes as the Whigham herself, Lady Diana Gibb, in one of those garlands of white flowers, Lady Queensberry, in blue gloves, Mme. de Peña, in a large party, Lord Milford Haven and Lady Furness, Johnny Circuitt and Ivor Guest were others who swelled the total.

Janet Jevons

The Lady Glentanar

Lord Glentanar's beautiful Norwegian wife. Since the summer, she and Lord Glentanar have been entertaining at Glen Tanar, their place in Aberdeenshire. They have a small daughter of four, the Hon. Margaret Jean Coats

ONCE again the Green Park restaurant in the Hotel Splendide has reopened its doors, this time under Humberto, who used to be at Ciro's. In the past five years I have seen restaurant-manager after restaurant-manager hopefully undertaking this place. But only Luigi has ever made a real success of it. Why it has not gone with a swing before, I do not know. It is a lovely room with a lovely view and a good kitchen.

All ready to go over to the Games at Inverness: Miss Sichel, Mrs. John Whitehouse and Miss Bunty Craven at Blervie House, Forres, which Miss Craven's grandfather has taken now for three years. Mrs. John Whitehouse is Mr. Craven's youngest daughter

NOBODY seems to know when Ciro's is going to reopen. The latest rumour is that Soso, who used to be there years ago, is likely to return. In the meantime, Quaglino goes on being more inordinately successful than ever. His place is always crowded, and he has the gift of "dressing a room" very highly developed.

THE average guest does not realise what an art this is, and how carefully planned is the arrangement of the clientèle. Dressmakers and bookmakers are always put in the farthest and least visible part of the room to prevent a possible lack of appetite on the part of their customers who may be present.

SIR OSWALD MOSLEY is often put in the middle of the room, in order, I suspect, that as many people as possible may be regaled by what he has to say in his very penetrating voice. Pretty women, particularly if in sables, are put at strategic points round the room in order to add a touch of decoration to the scene, and sometimes, if the room seems dull, a pair of divorcées will be deliberately put at adjoining tables to cause discussion.

IT was at Quaglino's the other night that I saw Miss Brooke, the daughter of the Rajah of Sarawak, having supper with her red-haired Rumanian fiancé. It was there, too, that I have seen Miss Pamela Boscawen and Mr. Gordon Selfridge junior in the past few days.

AT the Savoy Grill you see a different crowd—Chanel, for example, who must be one of the richest self-made women in the world; Lady Juliet Duff, as tall as a Guardsman; Teddie Gerard, who lives at the Dorchester; Fannie Ward, as young-old as ever; Rowland Leigh, who is part-author of *Dubarry*, and also of Gwen Farrar's new show, *After Dinner*, which comes to London in a week's time.

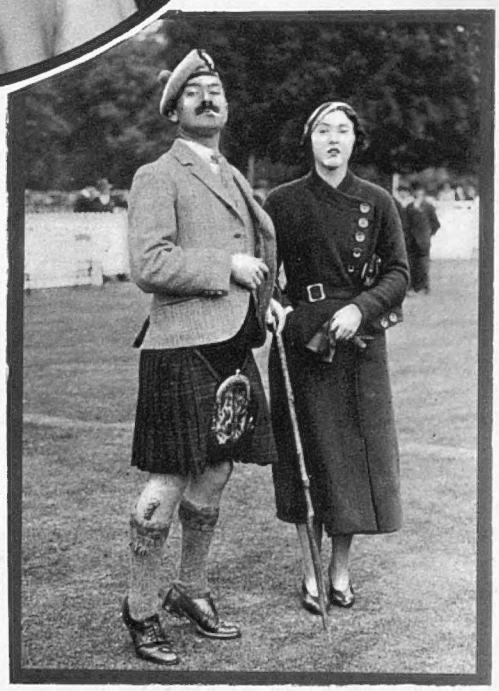
NO wonder Lord and Lady Leigh are down at Stoneleigh, in Warwickshire, where, alas! they have dispersed their deer in what used to be the Forest of Arden. Grosvenor Square, where they live in London, is up, and the sound of the mechanical drill is heard in the land. One might have thought that it could have been done in August, when the owners of the houses are all away. But apparently not.

A morning-after party: Miss Claudia Blackburn, Miss Helen Greg, and Miss Ailsa Smith, sister of Ian Smith, the Rugger International, being companionable for breakfast in bed after a late night at the second of the Inverness Balls

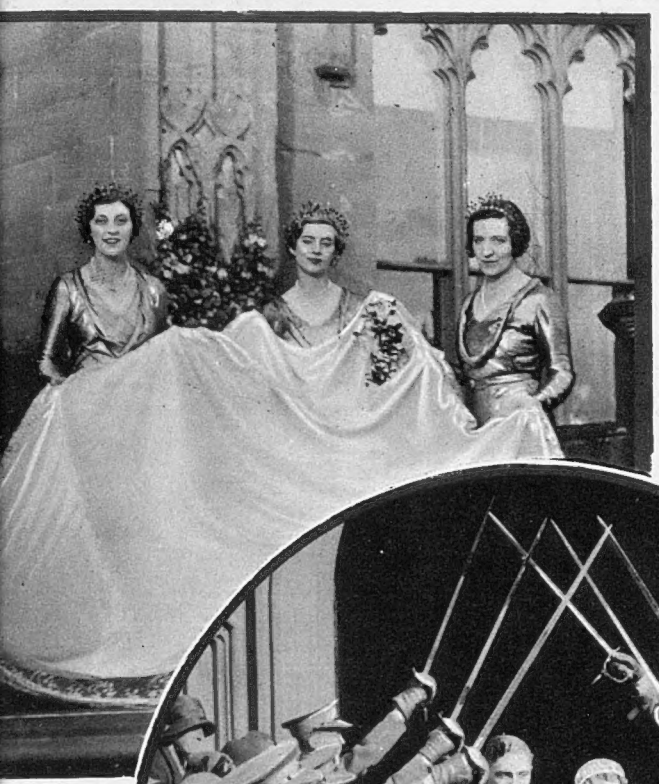
OF all the London social clubs, I should say that the Bachelors is the most prosperous. The bar is always full, and both dining-rooms are usually crowded at luncheon-time. Christopher Macintosh, who is now a tourist agent in a big way, was lunching there with William Teeling the other day. The latter has just written a book on Canada. David Rhys, escaped for a moment from the Dorchester, was refreshing himself, too.

A Scottish Wedding

Lieut.-Commander Wolstan Weld-Forrester, late R.N., and Miss Anne Drummond-Moray, eldest daughter of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Stirling-Home-Drummond-Moray, of Abercairny, were married last week at St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth. Miss Drummond-Moray's lovely train was carried by two of her twelve child attendants; she also had six grown-up bridesmaids



At the Perth Hunt Races at Scone Palace: Sir Torquil Munro of Lindertis and Miss Claudia Crichton-Stuart, who is the younger daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Maule Ramsay



Leaving Wimborne Minster after their wedding: Mr. A. B. Simpson and Miss Barbara Norwood, youngest daughter of Dr. Norwood, the Headmaster of Harrow. The guard of honour was formed by the O.T.C. of Canford School, where the bridegroom is a master, and where the wedding reception was held

OF the golf-courses near London, commend me to Swinley Forest for peace and quiet and perfect greens. It is one of the few courses of which the Princess Royal is a member. An unusual feature about it is that four-ball matches are never allowed there, whatever the time of day. The course may be short, but it is an excellent test of golf.

THE only engagement of any note last week was that of Lord Churston and Miss Betty du Pré. Lord Churston is very keen on yachting. Miss du Pré is very keen on golf. Her father owns the Beaconsfield course, where Percy Alliss is now the resident professional. Incidentally, it is no secret that Lord Churston has tried to persuade Miss du Pré to marry him for the last two years.

OF the weddings of the week, the chief one was that of Miss Stephenson, the daughter of the owner of White Heather. It took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, at midday, and then the six hundred guests went on to the Savoy, where they drank cocktails and lunched and danced until five o'clock in the afternoon. Among the guests were Sherman Hoyt, who sailed the Enterprise with Mr. Vanderbilt, the Vice-Commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club, and Mr. Fairey, of flying fame.

THIS month there are two or three interesting weddings. Lord David Cecil is to marry Lord Airlie's cousin, Miss Rachel MacCarthy. Another of Lord Airlie's cousins is marrying an officer in H.M.S. Revenge, and finally, there is the wedding of Miss Sylvia Coke, a niece of Lady Airlie's, and Mr. Simon Combe. Quite a family affair, so to speak.

WHEN Lord Castlerosse was last in Baden-Baden, I rather think he lost four or five stone. Mrs. Barbara McCorquodale has just returned from Brides les Bains, having left a stone behind. Lord Castlerosse is under the control of Dr. Dengler, who is a most severe disciplinarian. He makes you get up before breakfast and walk for a couple of miles, and you must be in bed by ten o'clock. I 'd love to see the portly Viscount doing his stuff.

THE best cocktail party of the week was undoubtedly that of Anthony Bradley's in Old Bond Street on Wednesday. John Loder, in a pair of dreadful pink corduroy trousers, was with his future wife, Mrs. Charles Baillie Hamilton. Eddie Tatham, who abandoned his Mediterranean cruise after only four days on board, was another guest. But the room was so full of small, pretty girls that I must have missed dozens of "well-knowns." I saw Patsy Richardson, the ski-er, however, and also Noel Thompson, who used to write the gossip column in the *Daily Mail*.

Below: Miss Leonora Brooke, eldest daughter of H.H. the Rajah of Sarawak, Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, and her fiancé, M. Max Ausnit, who is Rumanian, looking at some of Miss Brooke's collection of Eastern curios

An International Engagement

Sasha

Left : At the Hotel Splendide for the opening night of the Green Park Restaurant, of which Umberto is now maître d'hôtel : Mr. Philip Le Gros, Mrs. Woolf Barnato, Mrs. Irving Netcher (Rosie Dolly), Mrs. Prinsep (Anita Elsom), Mr. Nick Prinsep, Mrs. Le Gros, and Mr. Irving Netcher

Hors d'Oeuvres

By "Caviare"

"ARE children better-looking than their parents?" asks an inquisitive mind. No parents could be good-looking enough for Michael Bendix, or for Timothy Stobart. Lady Jane Douglas is what one expects from such a handsome couple as the Queensberrys, while Caroline-Maureen will have her work cut out to equal Lady Dufferin's blonde loveliness and her father's dark-haired good looks.

COIFFEUR notes are: Miss Margaret Whigham is wearing her hair fuller over her thinner cheeks. Miss Nancy Mitford is curlier. Lady Dorothea Ashley Cooper has cut her fair hair to match her elder sister's—shorter, sleeker, with a tiny fringe at the parting. Lady Bridget Poulett is still patting her hair every few minutes to keep it in place.

ROSA LEWIS is a wonderful woman for her age, and her white hair is extraordinarily attractive. Young people find her amusing and entertaining. She is almost the last of the great and glamorous Edwardians. What memoirs she could write, if she chose! And the walls of the Cavendish could tell some tales, methinks.

THE tales from the Lido of the famous fight started by a young and titled M.F.H. seem to grow more and more extraordinary.

MR. HAMAR BAGNALL is a cricketing young man I see here, there, and everywhere. I did see Mr. Percy Fender at Quaglino's one night, but that was an unusual occurrence. Golf is a sport well represented in restaurants by Dale Bourne, John de Forest, and Rex Hartley. Other sports, both indoor and outdoor, require too much space for a mention, but, believe me, there are some experts in this city!

Bertram Park

Miss Norah Tracy

Who is the fourth daughter of Mr. Richard Tracy; one of her sisters is Mrs. Tom Mills, the wife of Lady Chesham's brother

THIS is the time of year when dogs come into their own and are photographed for the illustrateds. Lady Pembroke and dogs; the Dufferin and Avas with their bull-dog; Gladys Cooper and Zillah — that's the autumn season. In the spring, it is with "our infants": "Romps in the Nursery" and "the Young Brigade." In summer we have snapshots, with swans, ducks, horses, and young men on the sands. I prefer the autumn.

THE art of looking a lady, once a great asset, is almost lost. However, I have never seen Lady Blandford look anything else, or Lady Blanche Douglas, whom I admire exceedingly. Of the young things one who looks really "lady-like" in its best sense is Lady Patricia Moore.

WHY is an ancient but comfortable country house barred to a young baronet?

ISN'T it funny how one gets to associate people with places, or vice versa. I always think of North Berwick and the Deuchars together; Frinton, the Bethells; Barford the Rutland clan; Biarritz the O'Malley-Keyes; Cowes the Barings; and Le Touquet Lord Portarlington.

CAN it be true that, in the future, an Indian Prince of high degree will marry one of our most charming marrieds?

SOME people like having their house-parties photographed; others are very averse from it. Lady Dashwood is one whose parties we are all allowed to envy, or not, in the picture Press. I seem to have seen a good many pictures of Lady Mount Temple's parties—mostly posed on some steps—at that historic place, Broadlands.

LADY BOWDEN is a very cheery person, and a good hostess. It is a joy to find people who greet life with a smile, and it is not only the rich people who do that. "Peter" Baxendale, who is a "she" and an artist, is always alive with gaiety, and so is Miss Una MacLaren, who is working very hard these days.

I AM an admirer of the Ranee of Sarawak, whose blonde daughter has just got engaged. She is very quick-brained, and very charming to meet. All that family are intelligent and "quick in the uptake," as they say. The Ranee is original in everything she does, and her daughters adore her.

NOT very many engagements have materialised this summer. I wonder why? I am still hoping for some Scotch ones. Sir George Prescott's to Mrs. Melcer is interesting, and Peggy Cunliffe's to Capt. Bertie de Robeck. I congratulate Mr. Charles Gaussen on his engagement to clever Lady Mary Amherst, who is a dear, and wonderful on the ice.

HOW wonderful Gladys Cooper is—she is still as beautiful as ever—and what an actress! Let the beauties of the footlights watch her and learn. Florence Desmond is clever: her imitations are very good—and Phyllis Monkman is just the same on or off the stage. Her entrance into the Café de Paris the other night and her haughty bow to some friends was broad and brilliant comedy.

THREE cheers! Mrs. Ronnie Balfour smiled once the other evening. I saw it.

The Busy Camera

Personalities Pictured Here and There

Right: The Earl of Chesterfield rests by the roadside at the Labrador Retriever Club's 26th Field Trials, at Docking, Norfolk. On his left is the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood and on his right is Mrs. Hartmann

Taking His Ease

A Direct Hit

Rear-Admiral the Hon. Arthur Stopford, R.N., and his bride, Mrs. E. Von Wendt, running the rice gauntlet after their marriage, which took place at Marylebone Register Office

The Hon. Eileen Brougham

Sister of Lord Brougham and Vaux, finds a shooting-stick restful at the Perth Meeting

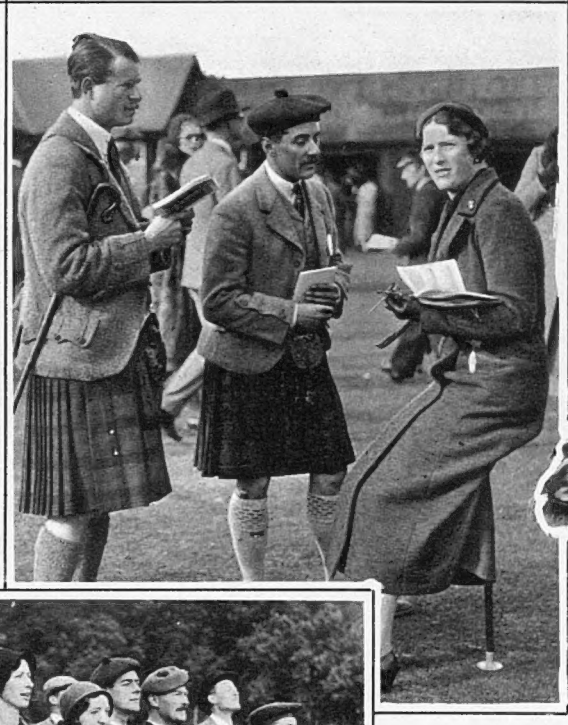
A Rest Between Whiles

Mrs. Edgar Barker and Lord Willoughby de Broke at the first day of the October Bloodstock Sales at Newmarket

Left: The Hon. Mrs. G. Lambton, Lord Carnarvon, and Lady Stanley, also present at the first October Bloodstock Sales at Newmarket

Below : At the Perth Hunt Races, which were held last week in Scone Palace Park : Colonel Innes, his daughter, Miss Innes, and Miss Sandeman

Below : Lady Morrison Bell and the Earl of Airlie hurrying off to see a race on the first day of the Meeting, which was held in brilliant sunshine



Above: Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry, one of the English contingent who find Scottish race-meetings as much fun as any further south

Above : Lady Ainsworth with Captain Brook, who carries an outsize in race-glasses

Above, left : Lord and Lady Scone, who had a party for the meeting, and Lord Robert Crichton-Stuart, who was staying at Abercairny, in Miss Grace Drummond-Moray's party

Right : Watching the finish of a race : Miss Jean Scott, Mr. James Drummond - Moray, the Hon. Irene Dewar, Miss Grace Drummond - Moray, Mr. Alisdair Anderson, Colonel MacGregor-Whitton, and Lord Robert Crichton-Stuart

Racing in the Highlands

The Perth Hunt Meeting

At the Theatre

On Foreign Soil: Divorce in Vienna—Americans in Paris

"WILL YOU LOVE ME ALWAYS?" APPLIED to Yvonne Arnaud, with her broken English and unbroken charm, the answer to this play's title is staunchly in the affirmative. Miss Arnaud, I am convinced, could recite whole pages from Bradshaw and make them sound like fountains of sheerest wit. You cannot resist the wide-eyed innocence—after a pause timed to a split second's worth of nicety—of her "shockeeng" questions. The fall of the accent on the wrong syllable is bewitchingly stressed. The knowing air cloaks the serpent's guile in the dove's innocent coo. The ripple of laughter bubbles up with unpremeditated ease. The most commonplace remark takes on an air of genuine conviction, except when the speaker, with tongue in cheek, makes play with some blundering foil of true British solidity. Miss Arnaud has the rare gift of turning trifles of badinage into ton-weights of epigram. She can wheedle an extra twenty per cent. of value out of any author's dialogue. It may be art in excelsis, or just a trick. But it is a good trick, and a pretty one to watch.

At the Globe Theatre

Yvonne Arnaud as Louise and Austin Trevor as Richard, who decide to marry for two years but want to make it longer by the end of "Will You Love Me Always?" the new comedy by Emmerich Halasz, adapted by Felix Aylmer

UNFORTUNATELY, *Will You Love Me Always?* adapted by Felix Aylmer from the Hungarian of Emmerich Halasz, is heavy work, even for the Arnaud sleight-of-hand. It is one of those excessively artificial tea-cup comedies which revolve round the Continental theory that Infidelity is one big laugh and Marriage another. In this school of thought no husband can be funny without a mistress. And so this piece opens in the gala spirit of champagne, paper streamers, false noses, and illicit liaisons. In one of those private rooms where corks pop and Viennese dance music "off" seeks to infuse an atmosphere of abandon, author Richard and composer Frederick celebrate their latest musical-comedy success with their bits of fluff. The stolid Frederick (David Horne) and the flashy Renée (Mary Glynne) arrange to live together, and are transported with delight at so risible a project. This collusion duly pledged in more Bollinger, the parties only reappear in the subsequent acts by way of comic relief. This takes the form of Frederick, who is tired of his appendage, trying to shake off that decorative limpet by changing his manly habits for the golden curls and scented cigarettes of the Compleat She-Man. Nervo and Knox might do something with this wheeze in a frankly music-hall extravaganza, but somehow, in a drawing-room comedy, Frederick's effeminacy does not press the button of mirth. Mr. Horne's substantial equipment does not conform to these tit-bits of Viennese pâtisserie. The pedagogue of *Young Woodley* is, in fact, mis-cast—a fate which befalls Austin Trevor in the rôle of Richard. These volatile artificialities demand a joie de vivre and a feather-weight finesse which are poles apart from the traditional feeling of our modern comedians. We English simply cannot get into the skins of Gallic rips or Hungarian dilettantes.

WHEN the main situation emerges from the preliminary champagne and amorous advances, our spirits, already overcome by a sense of foreboding, pursue a definitely downward movement. Richard Cœur de Lady-killer objects to marriage, Louise insists on the proprieties. They compromise with a two-year agreement wherein Louise, with a compromising letter dictated and written on the spot, provides grounds for divorce at the end of that period.

Act Two is two years later. There are two "of courses." One, that Richard should still be in love with Louise and devastated at the prospect of parting. Two, that Louise, being passionately attached to Richard, should prevent a separation by insisting on her freedom. Peter, a youthful admirer (Maurice Evans), is called in to aid the deception; likewise a blackmailing accomplice and a tame solicitor.

IN the end . . . but enough. Maurice Evans cleverly interposes a note of sincerity, and, as a sequel to his gentlemanly love-making, there is a redeeming sting in the tail of the happy ending. Louise, one gathers, having restored marriage to its good, old-fashioned pedestal, may not be quite so faithful during the unexpired portion of the wedding glide.

"THE LEFT BANK"

"STREET SCENE," and *See Naples and Die* are guarantees that any play by Elmer Rice is not to be missed. *The Left Bank*, with its semi-satirical, semi-sentimental picture of American life in Paris on the "wrong" side of the river, is no exception. Strictly speaking, the highbrow author, who prefers hack-work and wild Bohemian parties in a frowsy bed-sitting-room in Montparnasse, and his wife, who decides to take root again in her home soil, present a conflict outside our purely local ken. But the author's wit and invention have seen to it that we are amused as well as interested. He draws characters, and fills in a background with zest and certitude. The "wild party" of invading Bohemians, the thumbnail studies of the hotel handyman (Hugh E. Wright), a repressed spinster (Margaret Moffatt), a dissipated young sculptor (Roland Gillett), are credible and entertaining. We get, besides local colour and the widening gulf between Claire (Mary Grew) and John (Vernon Kelso), an amusing swap of wives in mid-stream. A couple of sight-seeing relations entrench themselves in the next-door bedroom. Susie (Sunday Wilshin) carries John by direct assault in proof that even literary gentlemen prefer blondes. They slip off to Italy with family business as a brazen pretext. Waldo (Martin Walker), a quiet, shy New York lawyer, is left alone with Claire.

TOGETHER they watch the Midi revels from the window—Claire has sprained her ankle—until bed-time throws them into one another's arms. It is a charming love-scene in the minor key. In her quieter passages, Mary Grew does well. Claire is a bit of a drab, but her subdued pathos catches our sympathy. She has a dignity which makes us concerned for her ultimate happiness; we applaud her decision to return to New York with her child, and hope that Waldo will go farther than the station. Martin Walker's sincere and sensitive playing is the perfection of naturalism; every low-pitched note is in perfect key. Vernon Kelso does not get so deep below the surface. John—crank, highbrow, humbug and sensualist—ended up as a rather artificial figure of bedroom comedy rather than a complex character-study completely revealed. Sunday Wilshin's blatant blonde is a shade overdrawn, but amusing. May Agate, as a German widow, and Denier Warren, as an American artist, mountebank with immense Bohemian gusto.

An interesting play, well worth seeing

TRINCULO.

D

A Racing Reverie

By "Regular"

Countess Poulett, Lady Sybil Phipps, and Mr. Phipps in the paddock at the Newbury Autumn Meeting

Two more personalities in the paddock at Newbury: Mrs. Richard Agnew and Miss Mary Collins

WHEN, last week, I decided that I would devote myself to the salient features of what, for most of us, has been a somewhat "pocket-emptying" season, I must confess that I thought I should find no little difficulty in filling up my article.

NOT a bit of it. So far from finding myself at a loss for material, I discovered that I had exhausted my allotted space, and only got as far as Ascot.

THIS week I am going to continue with my happy story—eschewing all those incidents (the sort that wake you up in the early hours of the morning, and make you wonder how you 're going to settle), and allude only to those incidents and encounters which cause us to believe that our racecourses are fit places for heroes to frequent.

FOLLOWING Ascot, all—save the kind whom only acts of God can keep off the racecourse—took a brief rest. They needed it. Not that most of us lost money at the Royal meeting—as a matter of fact, Ascot and Yarmouth, where, on one day, five favourites obliged, are the two meetings where we poor mugs have got a bit the better of the bookmakers.

No, it wasn't the racing we were recovering from, but the hospitality of Lord and Lady Camrose, who selected this week to give the best party of the year, and the many others who entertained us royally, though on a less lavish scale.

YES, a feeling of lassitude, accompanied by curious spots before the eyes, descended on us, and although a few of the neediest and greediest of us went down to Brighton and watched Gordon Richards make rings round his fellow jockeys from the gate, a larger majority gave it a miss till the first July meeting at Newmarket.

THERE is no course in the world on which it is pleasanter to race on a hot day than the July course. True, you don't see very well, but you can't have everything, as the Bishop said when he gave the leading lady a bag of sweets.

EVEN the stands, though, are going to be O.K. in a year or two's time, judging from the amount of scaffolding about the place, but at present one's view is rather limited. However, for a nice quiet day in the country, give me the July course every time. In that plantation (which must be a godsend for Newmarket courting couples) it is quite possible to forget there 's a race-meeting on at all, and any place where you can do that after the good things go down deserves our most grateful thanks.

IN these columns I have frequently written in the most enthusiastic strain of our lovelies, and how So-and-so was a sight for sore eyes. On the July course they had to take a back seat. Who could possibly have eyes for mere feminine artifice when the Jockey Club really take it into their heads to strike out a new line in sartorial effects?

WE are quite used to Lord Rosebery appearing as if he had started out for an hour at the nets and at the last moment cast aside his bat and picked up his race-glasses, but Lord Glanely's hot-weather attire was something of a revelation in its unconventionality.

A PAIR of water-wings, a bucket and spade in place of his race-glasses, and this great supporter of the Turf would have been correctly equipped for a week-end at any of our more fashionable watering-places.

I HAVE promised to touch on only the more salient features of the past, so I will refrain from touching ("touching" is, I think, a very suitable word) on the defeat of "Porchy's" two-year-old King Salmon. Apart from this disaster, backers more or less held their own on the two meetings. Less, probably, than more, but neither was in any sense a disaster.

EVER since Ascot, we had all been regarding Goyescas in the light of a real good thing for the Eclipse, and so he would have been with Miracle out of the way. Miracle slammed him, though, which was rubbing it in with a vengeance, as Miracle had been most people's biggest bet of the week at Ascot, when, with odds laid on him, he was beaten by Sigiri.

Meetings in Retrospect

MYROBELLA came to most people's rescue, and how this wonder filly did win! Having seen her electrifying performance here, what induced the bookmakers to lay 11 to 8 against her at Doncaster will ever remain a mystery. We ought never to have stopped betting.

THERE were lots of attractive women at Sandown. I remember seeing two very charming blondes, in Miss Joan Pickering and Miss Stamp Taylor, but these were only two amongst a great many. Sandown *does* attract the lovelies, and I get more requests for my lady's Sandown badge than for Kempton, Hurst Park, and Ally Pally all put together.

IT is difficult to find anything very salient about Goodwood. Getting wet to the skin backing winners is all in the day's work, but getting wet and backing also-rans is very poor fun.

I SHOULD (and so would a good many more) have gone home contented if we could have discovered the identity of a lovely "typically English type of blonde." Such a flutter had she caused in the manly hearts of the members of Buck's Club that you could hardly hear McGarry shake the cocktails.

CAPTAIN BUCKMASTER, a very dapper figure in his nice new tie in the Club colours, was bombarded with questions, but although this great pedestrian and one-time prominent owner was in the know, he was keeping the good thing to himself.

MY promise only to discuss cheerful topics precludes any mention of such races as the Ham Stakes, Stewards' Cup, Richmond Stakes, Goodwood Stakes, or Goodwood Cup, and it suffices me to say that Yellowstone's smashing win in the Gratwicke (Produce) Stakes, Dastur's virtual walk-over in the Sussex Stakes, Scarlet Tiger's Lavant Stakes (the most popular win at the meeting), and Betty's Molecomb Stakes served to instil us with fresh hope.

ALTHOUGH the receipts were said to be down, the world and his wife (it was difficult to distinguish between the two, swathed in their rain-soaked mackintoshes) seemed to be there. Identification under such circumstances was a matter of no little difficulty, though Lady Dufferin proved a perfect godsend to columnists by being suitably adorned with a large outsize in orchids.

Mostly Scotland—

—England and Ireland Also Ran

Above: Mr. W. N. Unwin and three of his guests, Mrs. Grant, Miss Heather, and Mr. Morrell, having lunch by a ruined croft on Mr. Unwin's moor at Strathmore

Arriving at the Northern Meeting Games at Inverness: Mr. Ronald Pelham Burn, of Baillid, and Miss Rachel Pope

Racing in Ireland

Lady Charles Cavendish and her cigarette-holder photographed between races at a recent Dublin meeting

Above: Mrs. A. G. Deuchar and Miss Rosemary Kirk taking shelter from a sudden shower on the North Berwick links

Left: The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Crichton and Miss Marjorie Brassey watching the numbers go up before a race at the Newbury Autumn Meeting

At that familiar first tee at North Berwick: Miss Betty Rumbold, Sir Horace Rumbold's niece, and Miss Iris Grenfell, elder daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel A. C. Grenfell and Lady Lilian Grenfell

Arm in Arm

An incident in the Rosslyn Park-Harlequins, match, at Richmond, showing a Harlequin player making strenuous efforts not to be dispossessed of the ball. The Harlequins won by three tries to a penalty goal

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

IT 's a grand game, this Rugby football of ours, there 's no doubt of that, and now that the season is really under way and I begin to meet players and officials again, I find that most of my doubts and troubles are disappearing. Perhaps it is dangerous to relax into a satisfied state of mind, for there are rocks ahead, and it may be that there was a substratum of truth in the fulminations of the International Board. For all that, it is difficult to worry overmuch on a September afternoon, when the firm turf is covered by vividly green grass, and a combination of hard scrummaging and clever attack in the open is producing a succession of perfect tries. Possibly I have been lucky, but the club games I have watched so far have been excellent, and I begin to believe that we have a most promising season before us.

THERE is no particular reason, for instance, why Blackheath should suddenly become a team and play really good football, and yet this has happened. Last year Blackheath were rather a dull and uninspired side; this year, with much the same players, they are brilliant. Their forwards work, their half-backs combine intelligently, their centres make and take openings, and their wings do go for the line. Incidentally, they should provide more than one man for the English team, for B. H. Black is becoming a fine leader of forwards, and appears to have filled out; C. D. Aarvold, having defeated his legal examiners, will surely captain England again; A. L. Novis is going great guns in the centre, and F. W. Simpson shapes like an International scrum-half.

I like this Simpson, though I must admit that when he was up at Cambridge he seemed to me rather on the slow side. He is certainly not slow now, and he thinks quickly and is as tough as they make them. What is more, he has not finished, like so many scrum-halves, when he has passed the ball out, for he backs up his stand-off half in the Kershaw manner, and this is good to see. He has, at any rate, vindicated the judgment of the Army Selectors, who have consistently preferred him to G. J. Dean and C. C. McCreight, two nippier, but less robust, players.

BUT perhaps these are early days to start picking International teams, and what interests me more at the moment are the signs of a return to elementary principles in club Rugby. Against Birkenhead Park it was encouraging to find the Blackheath forwards undeniably working in the tight, and it is on the cards that, indirectly, the International Board's circular may have had some effect.

Incidentally, it is significant to discover that even the older generation of Rugby men believe that fixed places in the scrummage cannot be abolished. "I don't like too much specialisation," they say, "and as for the wing forward, I loathe him. But the game has become more scientific, and fixed places are part of it now."

THAT is about the size of it, though I can never let this abuse of the wretched wing forward pass without at least a gentle remonstrance. To my mind, back-row forward play is just as much a part of the modern game as fixed places in the scrummage, though I grant you that it must be based upon hard work. A wing forward has to shove his weight, but there is no reason why he should waste his energy and continue to shove when the ball is irretrievably lost. Nor is there any reason why he should not break in defence according to a predetermined plan, and use his pace and intelligence in attempting to frustrate the attack.

The trouble is that there are too many wing forwards about who regard their position as a short cut to glory in the open. They are bad wing forwards, ignorant fellows who bring discredit on themselves, and also, unfortunately, on the modern theory of back-row forward play, which they simply do not understand. The good wing forward, on the other hand, has to work as hard as anyone else, and think rather more quickly. He has a considerable responsibility in defence, and his only sin, so far as I can judge, is that by intelligent study of forward tactics he has carried the development of Rugby football one step further.

THE game must either develop or die of inanition. Personally, I am all for progress, and I welcome the fact, therefore, that the wing forward is forcing us to think. What it amounts to is this—by his deliberate participation in defence he has virtually closed the door to all orthodox attack. We no longer expect to see tries scored from a set scrummage, or from any position in which the defence is correctly disposed and prepared. This means that to win matches we must use our wits: we must plan surprise raids, work out new methods of swinging the direction of attack, employ the reverse and the inside pass, the cross-kick, and the diagonal kick from centre to wing and the scissors movement.

We are forced, in short, to play our Rugby football more intelligently, and who will tell me that this is bad for the game?

I am convinced myself that it is good for the game. The wing forward will find his level, and new forms of attack will be evolved, are now being evolved, to counter the present closeness of defence. To my way of thinking, wing-forward tactics are a natural stage in the game's evolution, though they may be abhorrent to those who dislike change of any kind. The game is bound to change, but that is not to say that it will change for the worse, and I, for one, would far rather we encouraged healthy development than that we became rusty through our obstinate conservatism.

I AM, to this extent, revolutionary, because it seems to me that the fundamental characteristics of the game can never alter. Hard scrummaging, straight running, resolute tackling and falling on the ball—we shall never forget that these virtues, with their corollaries of courage and determination, and physical fitness, are integral parts of Rugby football. Only when they begin to disappear shall we have cause for anxiety.

Collared Low

A London Scottish player checked in his stride by a good collar, in the match in which the London Scottish beat the R.M.A. by twenty-seven points to nil

"Kent Cob"—lers

The Open Amateur Golf Tournament at Knole Park, Sevenoaks

R. Straker (Mid-Surrey) and J. T. Llewellyn (Knole Park) meet and discuss chances.

G. A. Hill (Sandy Lodge) and G. C. Stokoe (Royal St. David's) seen above going to the last green

A. J. Peach, (Worplesdon) and Captain W. A. Roscoe (Hythe) with the club-house in the background

Right: Douglas Grant (Royal St. George's) eloquently expatiating on the merits of his deadly new putter to Captain H. S. Greenwood (Canterbury)

Captain J. C. Craigie (Rye) chatting to Major-Gen. G. W. Howard (Royal St. George's)

J. S. P. Morrison (Sunningdale) and Captain F. R. G. Hedges (Brighton and Hove) set forth

Right: Lieut.-Commander H. MacMaster (Knole Park) and A. P. W. Bowley (Chislehurst) on their way to the first green

Photographs by Bertram Eary

The Central England Open Handicap Mixed Foursomes were played for the second year at Woodhall Spa. Above are (l. to r.) T. C. Taylor and Miss Taylor (Seacroft), runners-up, W. Menzies and Mrs. Edwards (Seacroft), winners; and Miss B. Newell and J. E. Cradock Hartopp (Cavendish), semi-finalists

SPORT with

Mr. Fred Spanton, Master of the South Berks, being enthusiastically greeted by the hounds on his arrival at the meet at Bramley Green, Hampshire

Salvatore Ruggirello having a final practice with his sparring partner, Jack O'Maly, previous to his fight with Larry Gains at the Albert Hall for the light-heavyweight championship of Europe

THE sporting world just now is full of sensations, much though I loathe making use of that detestable word. Still, there is no getting away from the fact that if the Australian Cricket Board of Control do not allow Bradman to play for Australia, because he writes for the Press, we shall have a first-class sensation to discuss.

Personally, I haven't the slightest doubt that Bradman will both write his articles and represent his country; some way will be found round the difficulty, for otherwise there would be fearful scenes at the Test Matches. As a matter of fact, the whole controversy seems rather absurd, for no question of professionalism comes into it. The Australian cricketers are professionals anyway; they are definitely paid to play in Test Matches, and since they make their livings out of the game there seems to be no sound reason why they should not take up journalism. Naturally, it would be unfortunate if Bradman wrote controversial articles about the actual matches in which he played, but that could surely be avoided by mutual agreement. The truth is, I suppose, that Bradman now has such a hold over public imagination in Australia that the Board of Control are nervous of his influence as a journalist. It will be unpleasant for them if he criticises them adversely, and he might easily become the virtual dictator of Australian cricket. An awkward situation, certainly, but I think there will be some mutually satisfactory compromise; I hope so, at any rate, for it would be a hollow victory if we beat Australia without Bradman.

THIS player-writer problem is rather more acute over here, and it will be interesting to watch the progress of the dispute between F. H. Waters, the Scottish International Rugby footballer, and the Scottish Union. Waters is a journalist by profession, and he has taken to writing about Rugby football under his own name, whereupon the Scottish Union have ruled that he must not play for any of their affiliated clubs. I can sympathise with their point of view, but it is very difficult to draw the line in this matter of making profit out of our amateur game. There are a great many Rugby footballers, Blues and others, who owe their present jobs largely to the fact that they are, or were,

Cricket's Last Gasp

The "Goose" Match at Harrow School. The "Geese" (Old Boys) seen going out to field. The match is played as near Michaelmas as possible, and a goose figures as the chief dish at the subsequent supper given by losers to winners

the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

The "Goose" Match again: M. Tindall and B. D. Carris going out to open the innings for the School

famous players, and although their debt to the game is, perhaps, not so obvious to the general public, it is none the less a highly profitable one.

I am all against the man who takes the bread out of the professional journalist's mouth by trading on his name at week-ends simply to earn a little extra pocket-money, but when a Rugby player happens also to be a journalist I see no reason why he should not write about the game. There is at least one strong argument in his favour, which is that, from every point of view, it is better to have Rugby football, or any other game, for that matter, handled in the newspapers by men who really know what they are talking about. Moreover, if a player becomes a professional by making profit from his writings about a game, some very distinguished names disappear from the amateur ranks. Is Lord Grey, for example, a professional fisherman because his writings on fly-fishing have sold so well? Is Mr. "Plum" Warner a professional cricketer because of his journalistic activities? Do the literary labours of Mr. Bernard Darwin, Mr. Eric Parker, Mr. Douglas Lowe, and Mr. Bernard Shaw, who describes boxing now and again, remove their right to be considered amateur?

To pass to less difficult matters, I am glad that Jackie Brown has been given a fight with Young Perez for the world's fly-weight championship on October 31. Brown should win, for he is faster and cleverer than Perez. There will probably be some dispute about his title if he does beat Perez, for the Americans now say that Midget Wolgast is the fly-weight champion, but, actually, Perez took the title from Frankie Genaro, and there is no doubt that he is the real holder.

Our last world's champion at the fly-weight limit was the great little Jimmy Wilde, who was hit by Pancho Villa after the bell had gone at the end of the fourth round, and never really recovered. Villa was not disqualified, and won on points. This fight took place in New York.

Incidentally, it is sad to have to record that Reggie Meen is finally discredited after his defeat at Leicester by Donald McCorkindale. Meen fought wretchedly: his heart was not in the business at all, and he was counted out in the fourth round after a couple of punches which really did not seem to hurt him unduly. It is strange how ineffective our big men are; size and the fighting spirit do not seem to go together in England, for the only two aggressive British heavy-weights are Jack Petersen, a Welshman, (and not a big one at that), and Jack Doyle, an Irishman.

One more note about boxing. I see that as a result of the farcical contest between Dick Corbett and Johnny Peters the other day, when Peters was disqualified for a low punch, it has been suggested that we might, with advantage, adopt the American rule which stipulates that a fouled boxer shall rest for fifteen minutes and then continue. This, to my mind, is a monstrous suggestion. If a man so loses control of himself that he fouls his opponent, he has transgressed one of the elementary principles of boxing, and must deservedly pay the penalty by being immediately disqualified. There are no two ways about it. Either boxing is a clean sport or it is not. If the Americans choose to allow fouls, that is their own affair. In this country we prefer to eliminate the dirty fights even at the expense of disappointing certain sections of the public.

After all this violence, the thought of billiards is somewhat soothing, and I mention it for two reasons. First, we have to welcome the wizard, Walter Lindrum again, and it will be a joy to watch him building up his big breaks. Lindrum is an artist, and though, as a rule, I would rather play than watch billiards, I never tire of seeing him coaxing the balls with that amazingly delicate touch of his. And Lindrum was partly responsible for the new condition which compels a player to make a baulk-line stroke once in every 100 points, to which I referred a week or two back. Mr. John Bisset, the Billiards Association Chairman, who really sponsored the idea, is pleased with the way it is working out, and certainly it is adding variety and interest to professional matches. I think there is no doubt that it has made play more open, for very often top-of-the-table position is lost or, at least, endangered by the necessity of forcing the cue-ball over the baulk-line. All the same, I think we shall find that Lindrum will continue to startle us with four-figure breaks, so perfect is his control of positional play.

Books of the Day

Horrors of American Prisons: By "Junius"

You will remember William Guy Carr's *By Guess and by God*, the best account that has yet been written of the Submarine Service during the war. He has followed this with a book, *Hell's Angels of the Deep* (Hutchinson ; 10*s.* 6*d.*), which is equally interesting, equally engrossing. The second book tells its author's history by his diaries, from the time he ran away to sea in 1911 until the Armistice in 1918, a history full of colour and of adventures that fall to the lot of few young men.

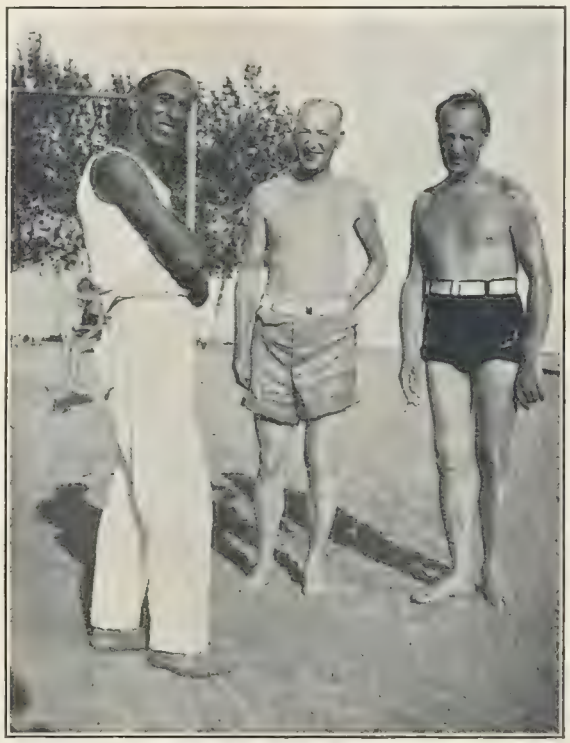
From the time when he was an apprentice in the Merchant Service, voyaging to America, China, Japan, in various degrees of discomfort, and various types of vessel, Mr. Carr kept his "eyes skinned." Being a young man of keen observation, he jotted down in his diary sharp, clear word-portraits of the various types of officers and men he encountered, first in the Merchant Service and then in the Navy, in which he enlisted on the outbreak of the war. With these, are equally clear pictures of sailor-life ashore and afloat. The combination conveys the atmosphere and conditions of the mercantile marine before the war, and of the Navy during the war, more directly and more vividly than any attempt at "writing-up" could have done. But Mr. Carr has made a mistake in including some of his poems in the book. As a poet, he is wholly negligible. As an observer and recorder, he has a place by himself.

Since *I Am a Fugitive* (Stanley Paul ; 10*s.* 6*d.*), by Robert E. Burns, has an introduction by his brother, the Rev. Vincent G. Burns, its amazing story of judicial cruelty in the State of Georgia must be taken as a correct account. When America entered the war, the author was a successful young accountant in New York. He enlisted and served in France with a medical detachment. When he returned, he was suffering from shell-shock. Wandering away from his home, he was arrested in Georgia and sent to prison for from six to ten years in the chain-gang for a robbery in which he had been forced to participate at the point of a gun.

It is difficult to understand how any civilised country can tolerate the chain-gang. Conditions are appalling. Animals in stables fare better. The prisoners wear shackles night and day. For the least offence, torturing punishments are inflicted, as, for instance, the "Jack." This is the stocks of history. But instead of the victim sitting on a bench with his hands and feet fastened between two blocks of wood, the bench is drawn away and he is left hanging by his hands and ankles. Another horror is the "sweat-box"—a box three feet square and six feet high, in which a man can neither sit down nor lie down. He is in total darkness and the box stands in the full glare of the sun.

The author made his escape, and in seven years had built up a profitable business in Chicago. He was betrayed to the Georgian authorities by a woman, arrested, and sent back to the chain-gang. He escaped a second time and is still free. The book, from cover to cover, is a terrible indictment of a certain phase of the American penal system.

"Jubilee" (Geoffrey Bles ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Jeffery Marston, will have many readers. With Martha Statt, the humble little nursemaid from Kentish Town, you follow the fortunes of the Pardew family for fifty years, beginning in Earl's Court and ending in Cadogan Square. But Martha—"Marky" to the children—is the central figure, great-hearted, self-sacrificing, and entirely devoted to her mistress and her children. In time, everybody comes to her with their troubles, and they all receive help and comfort—Mrs. Pardew in her tragic love-affair with Captain Turling ; the eldest son, Philip, with his betting debts ; the youngest son, Robin, when his wife runs away. "Marky" is the stand-by of the house, a loveable character which the author has invested with a touching pathos. It is all real life, even to the skidding of Robin's car, which ends "Marky's" fifty years of devoted service.



At Abbazia

Left to Right : Manbrin, the well-known bathing attendant along the Adriatic, with Mr. W. Buchanan Taylor and Mr. Rafael Sabatini, the famous historical novelist

The campaign in Palestine has, so far, had no recorder in fiction. I doubt if anybody except Mr. Edward Thompson could have re-created those momentous days, when Lord Allenby finally broke the Turkish power, as he has done in *Lament for Adonis* (Benn ; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

Although it is claimed not to be a "war story," I think, by reason of its power, the vigour and beauty of its writing, the book will take a high place amongst war literature. Jerusalem, the desert, the strange mixture of the world's holiest associations with the work and leisure of war as seen by a man sensitive to beauty and age-long history, and with a profound knowledge of human nature, form the background to the love stories of two British officers—one happy, and one sad. A remarkable book which should not be missed.

You would expect beautiful prose from a daughter of the late Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson), and in *The Ladies' Road* (Gollancz ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), Miss Pamela Hinkson shows us that she has inherited her mother's gift in no small measure. The title stands for woman's passive part in the war. But the book has a fragrance—the only word which describes its atmosphere—that remains to the end, despite the tragedies which fall on the English house of Winds and the Irish house of Cappagh, between which Stella and her brother David spend their childhood. "At Winds you knew what you were smelling. Roses, sweet peas, the smell of the garden on a summer night coming through the open window. At Cappagh it was all elusive, uncertain."

The war takes a terrible toll from the two houses. From Winds, the only two sons, from Cappagh, the father and elder son, but the women go bravely on, Stella at school, the others doing what work they can.

Miss Hinkson has the rare gift of allusiveness. Flowers, the Sussex countryside, the Irish woods, horses, dogs, beloved old Nanny, her brother, David, her beautiful sister, Cynthia, all have their effect upon the emotional side of Stella's temperament from her childhood onwards. This book has beauty of thought and conception, and, as I have said, is beautifully written.

The fashion in novels which have the actuality or the possibility of irregular unions as the central point of their plot is changing. Not so very long ago, Nancy Marchant, the heroine of Miss Evelyn Pember's *Living One's Life* (Collins ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), would have run away with her cousin, Jacko, after discovering he was married. But Miss Pember's Nancy, after walking with Jacko for hours in the country after a ball, decides to go home, although at first she had agreed to his suggestion.

Nancy loves the country. Her cousins—three ladies called Rome, Venice, and Verona, because each had been born in the city of that name—try to bring her into the "Bright World," and unsuccessfully. Miss Pember writes delightfully of the country and animals ; and some of her types are excellently well done, particularly Mr. Froggett, the vicar, whose sock-suspenders come down at the most inopportune moments.

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BY HYNES

SOCIETY RETURNS TO THE BICYCLE (perhaps)

Above will be observed Sir Henry Birkin, the Ruthven Twins, Lady Oxford and Asquith, Miss Jeanne Stourton, Lady Bridget Poulett, Miss Margaret Whigham, Lord Castlerosse, Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, and Mr. "Eddie" Tatham

And So to Church

Engagements and Weddings

Left: Miss Anne Charteris, who will be married to-morrow to Lord O'Neill at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She is to have eight bridesmaids, including her sisters, Miss Laura and Miss Mary Rose Charteris, and two small pages

Above: Miss Elizabeth Mary Warner, "Plum" Warner's daughter, is engaged to Lieut.-Commander Harold Pitcairn Henderson, R.N., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. David Henderson; their marriage will take place early this month

Left: A recent engagement is that of Miss Jean Maitland Makgill Crichton, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. David Maitland Makgill Crichton's eldest daughter, and the Hon. Michael Morris, the only son of Lord Morris, formerly Prime Minister of Newfoundland, and Lady Morris

Left: Miss Dorothy Birdwood, the only daughter of Brig.-General and Mrs. H. B. Birdwood, is engaged to Paymaster-Lieut. Richard Colville, the third son of Admiral the Hon. Sir Stanley and Lady Adelaide Colville

An engagement which was announced last month was that of Lady Helen Hay and Mr. Lionel Berry, Sir Gomer Berry's eldest son. Lady Helen Hay is the eldest of the Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale's four daughters

Photos by Lenare, Bertram Park and Hay Wrightson

If Gossip

Political Breakers Ahead—Goosey-Goosey-Gandhi—Mr. Romilly John Replies—A Riviera Story—Gilbert and Sullivan

Pollard Crowther

Brother and Sister

Carl Brisson and Tilly Brisson in a scene from "The Merry Widow," which is now at the London Hippodrome. Carl Brisson would be hard put to it to find a better partner for his dances than his sister. This revival has an all-star cast

Janet Jevons

"Sonia"

Helen Gilliland as the lovely widow in "The Merry Widow." This is the third time she has appeared in this part in revivals of the ever-green musical comedy which scored a record run at Daly's

THE autumnal chill in the air has communicated itself to the relations between the various portions of the most variegated Government on record. No longer are they like a happy family in one bed, ready to turn when Papa Ramsay says turn. They turn at different times and in different directions. Sometimes, alas! they turn on each other—and even on Papa.

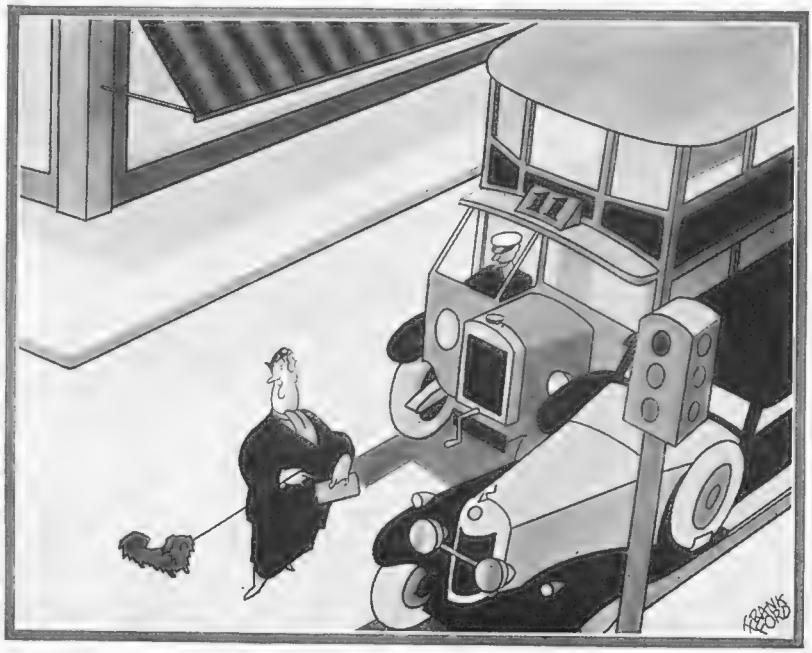
What is emerging from the conflict is that the Liberal Party, having reached its lowest ebb and become neither Liberal nor a Party, is likely to be born again, having healed its internal dissensions.

I have been rather lucky—if I were less modest I would say I had shown uncanny acumen—in my political prognostications of late. Wherefore I declare, with some show of assurance, that the suggestion will certainly be adopted that the Simonite Liberals will, like the Samuelite Liberals, secede from the Government, which, however, they will support, as a united Liberal Party, in everything except tariffs.

THE only uncertain factor is Mr. Lloyd George, who has never been anything else. At present his rôle is Baldwinianly rural. He lunches with farmers, and cultivates, except for the length of his hair, a bucolic appearance. I await a photograph of him scratching a pig's back with a walking-stick.

But that is just the sort of moment when the little man is apt to cast aside his somewhat bovine benevolence to become an inspired prophet (and a very talkative one) and to indulge in oratory of the Pisgah Heights type.

In that mood he could, and would, smash reunited Liberalism, Samuels and Simons and all, into as many parts as there are potatoes in his garden.



By Frank Ford

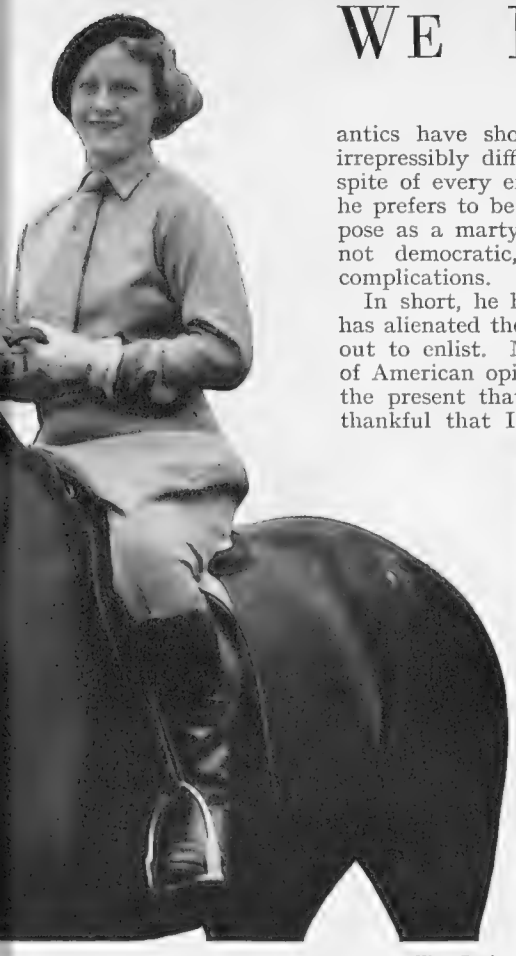
Traffic and Excursions

"Come along, Montgomery. Can't you see the lights are with you!"

GANDHI has done an immense amount of good by his silly fast—good to England.

There has always been plenty of world-opinion to back Gandhi. In America it has been particularly strong, for Americans are apt to allow themselves to be convinced by any dope about "oppressed peoples" and the evils of British Imperialism. Many quite earnest and well-meaning folk have considered Gandhi a brave and noble fellow, fighting against British tyranny. His latest

We Must . . .



Wm. Davis

Renée Gadd goes riding. She is booked to play opposite Bobby Howes when the film version of "For the Love of Mike," from the successful play of the same name, is produced

antics have shown them that he is a person irrepressibly difficult to deal with, and that, in spite of every effort to be reasonable with him, he prefers to be awkward and "cussed," and to pose as a martyr in a cause which is obviously not democratic, whatever may be its other complications.

In short, he has made an ass of himself, and has alienated the very sympathies he was setting out to enlist. Most wisely did a leading organ of American opinion say that it is at times like the present that America should be profoundly thankful that India is "the brightest jewel in Britain's crown," etc., and that that country is no concern of hers.

But let there be no mistaken idea that Gandhi has got his own way by his fast. He is trying to give the impression that the Government have agreed to his points about the Untouchables. The Government have, in fact, stuck to what they originally stated, which was to give the Untouchables the justice which he so fiercely opposed.

It is Gandhi who has had to climb down, his few days of fasting having, apparently, given him a saner view of things.

The outcome of the fast-farce has made the Laski-Lansbury-Bertrand Russell contingent, who, of course, rushed into print to support Gandhi, look particularly foolish.

Walter Bird

Mabel Couper

A new recruit to non-stop variety, Mabel Couper, who is a protégée of Tetrazzini, is appearing in "Vaudeville" with Pennyn Bannerman at the Vaudeville Theatre

Bell Hop

Eve, as she appears in "Magic Nights," at the Trocadero, when she does a "Bell-Hop" dance. She was in the last show at the London Pavilion before this famous theatre went non-stop

In future Gandhi should be ignored. In obscurity let him feed or starve as he thinks fit. And that permanent exile from publicity will be shared by the Flying Family, who, having created no stir in London, returned, after being photographed with June (Lady Inverclyde), by boat to America, which is by no means favourably disposed towards them.

"I was glad to get off that damned trawler," Hutchinson père remarked to an interviewer. Since that trawler, damned or otherwise, had come through miles of dangerous ice-fields to rescue him and his family, the final gesture was hardly a gracious one.

Most of the people who spent the late months of the summer on the Riviera have now filtered back. A few years ago we used to spend only the winter there, but we have changed all that.

Of the crop of stories of adventures—amorous, financial, and otherwise, but mostly otherwise—the funniest adventure, to my mind, is one that happened to an impecunious young Englishman, who has some reputation as a lady-killer. After cultivating for weeks the acquaintance of one of the richest girls in the world (an American), with a view to matrimony, he reached the stage of being invited to conduct her back to her hotel from some party.

In the billion-dollar motor-car belonging to the young lady in question, they were being driven along the Corniche road when the man planted a kiss on the billion-dollar cheek.

The car instantly stopped. In a few seconds a second car drew up alongside and disgorged some plain-clothes police, who put the would-be swain under arrest. He promptly offered them all the money in his pocket, some 3000 francs, as a bribe. "We are paid more than that every day," was the remark that accompanied the refusal.

Thus is expensive virtue most expensively guarded.

Miss Iris Ashley, the film and stage actress, Miss Lili Suede, the French film star, and Duc Marcello di Laurino, who married Miss Kitty Joel, at Villa d'Este, Lake Como, Italy

Below: Merle Oberon, who plays the lead in "Wedding Rehearsal," which was released at the New Gallery last week. She also appeared in the film "Young Apollo"

Janet Jevons

Merle Oberon

SONGS OF SPORTSMEN

No. 9—The Contract-Bridge Player

With acknowledgments to Rudyard Kipling's verse preface to "The Beginning of the Armadilloes," in "The Just So Stories."

I CAN'T compete with Culbertson,
And Lenz he makes me ill,
Yet the doyens of the Portman
They play Contract as they will!

Yes, at the green-baize tables
The experts brave and bold
Play night and day at Contract,
Play really pukka Contract,
And I'd like to shine at Contract
Some day before I'm old

No, I'm not one to shine at Bridge,
My card sense it is nil,
So experts have no use for me,
And I s'pose they never will

Unless I shine at Contract
And join the card-fiends' fold—
Play right, play bright at Contract,
Play day and night at Contract,
Oh, I'd love to play at Contract
Some day before I'm old! *B. W.*

MORE homely is a story told by Joseph Simpson, the great (and, in my humble opinion, the very great) Scottish artist.

It concerns a certain brass band beyond the Tweed, which became vastly bucked with itself for having won the prize in a contest in which half the brass bands o' Bonnie Scotland took part. The victory was justly celebrated with libations and with a "richt guid Wullie Waucht" (whatever that may mean).

The band reached its native town in the small hours, triumphantly sozzled. "Now, lads," said the bandmaster, in unreproducible Doric, "we must play ourselves through the town. But dinna wake up the folks, *so tak' your boots off!*"

YOUNG Mr. Romilly John, to whose autobiography I referred the other day, has replied to that reference, and since it is only just that his reply should be heard, I give his arguments herewith.

"I quite agree," he writes, "that there is no particular virtue in being any given age, nor, on the other hand, does any age seem so blank of interest as to be an absurd subject for a work of art. Let anyone who has read *The Seventh Child* judge whether it was written by a 'Bright Young Thing,' ludicrously vain of being twenty-five, or whether it has anything in common with the autobiography of Mr. Beverley Nichols, except the author's time of life.

"I feel much sympathy with my hypothetical predecessors who found it difficult to keep alive. I write books, myself, partly in an attempt to solve this difficulty. It does not seem clear what William Pitt or Richard Wagner has to do with it. But since William Pitt has been mentioned, may I, on my side, recall the classical retort attributed to him when he was charged with the atrocious crime of being a young man?"

I HAD not charged Mr. Romilly John, son of Mr. Augustus John, with anything. But I do now charge him with having written an uncommonly vigorous and sensible letter.

I further charge him with having caused me, as the result of this letter, to spend

This is how Mina Buchanan, daughter of the well-known artist, Fred Buchanan sees Peggy Ashcroft, as Cleopatra, backed up by Cæsar (Malcolm Keen), telling her maid, Flatateeta (Caroline Keith), where she "gets off," in G. B. Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra," which has been revived this week at the Old Vic.

Lost to Racing

Mr. Woolf Barnato, with his American bride, at Great Fosters Hotel, at Egham, where they have been on a visit. He has stated that nothing will induce him to return to the motor-racing track

some time which I could ill afford in reading his book. And I enjoyed every moment of it.

GILBERT and Sullivan are once more in their spiritual home at the Savoy, though the theatre at which the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company are playing is no longer the original building which was opened with *Patience*. That theatre was, when built, regarded as the last word in comfort and convenience, and was, I believe, the first one in London to be lighted entirely by electric light. But playgoers expect greater comfort nowadays, and at the new Savoy they get it. Change in theatres is inevitable.

BUT change in Gilbert and Sullivan operas would be regarded with dismay not untinged with anger. Tradition is maintained, and the production of Martinet Gilbert is still "as you were," and rightly so. We missed Sir Henry Lytton, who is no longer in the company, but he was on the wrong side of the curtain on the opening night of the season, which will continue till November, and in a speech at the conclusion paid tribute to his successor, Martyn Green, who rattled off the famous Major-General patter-song in the true Lyttonian manner.

Kathleen Iddon

Muriel Dickson

Who is appearing in leading soprano rôles with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, which is once again giving a season of Gilbert and Sullivan operas at the Savoy Theatre

NO light operas have ever been performed so often as those of Gilbert and Sullivan, for, in addition to the D'Oyly Carte Company, nearly all of them have been played time without number by amateur operatic companies, of which there are hundreds in existence throughout Great Britain. It says much for the vitality of this wonderful partnership between author and composer that no matter how often the operas are played, they never seem to grow stale.

DURING the season most of the old favourites will be played, but I believe I am right in saying that there is one Savoy opera which has never been revived since its original run. This was *Utopia Limited*, in the score of which was one of Sullivan's most lilting songs. It is years since I heard it sung, but "A Bright and Beautiful English Girl" still remains in my memory. Gilbert's lyric to this song was rather out of his usual line, as, for once in a way, satire did not enter into it.

MY delight in Gilbert and Sullivan opera has been heightened by meeting the latter when I was a small boy. I remember that he patted my head. I am glad that I never met his collaborator. He might have cuffed it!

Sunday Wilshin, taking an important part in Elmer Rice's new play (to London), "The Left Bank," which is now being played at the Ambassador's Theatre

Janet Jevons

Sunday Wilshin

Letters of a Lady Golfer

The County Finals and Close Championship at Ashdown Forest

By Eleanor E. Helme

Left: Mrs. Alan Macbeth (Cheshire), who helped to win the Championship for her county by beating Miss M. Kerr at the nineteenth after being five down and six to play, with Miss Beard (Dorset), who won by seven and six. Right: Mrs. R. C. Porter, the Surrey captain, with Miss G. Watts (Norfolk), whom she beat by two up

Mrs. D. Hardie (Norfolk) and Mrs. A. C. Johnston (Surrey). The former won by six and five

Competitors in the Championship. Miss D. Pearson and Miss B. Dix Perkin. The County Finals were won by Cheshire by twelve points; Surrey, the runners-up, scored eleven, after a most exciting match

DEAR BYSTANDER,

HERE we are on the brink of the English Championship at Ashdown Forest and the American at Salem, and this letter will have to be posted before we know who has won, or even who looks like winning.

At all events, we know that Cheshire have won the County Finals, though there was a hectic quarter of an hour on the second day, when it depended on the agility of your arithmetic whether you made Cheshire, with 5 + 5 + possibly 2, or Surrey, with 4 + 2 + possibly 6, tie or not. You see, Cheshire had definitely (I am so tired of that word, but here it is used in its real sense) beaten Surrey the afternoon before by 5—2, but since each county plays each other, a tie was possible, supposing Norfolk could spring a surprise and beat Cheshire; and if they did it by something outrageous, like 6—1, and Surrey could beat Dorset by the same margin, Surrey would win. So you see how thrilling things were, and how we wished one could see the 20th green, as well as the 19th, from beside the 18th. We had watched Mrs. Alan Macbeth strike a very valuable blow for Cheshire by beating Miss Marjorie Kerr, the Norfolk Champion, at the 19th, after being five down and six to go, and we wanted desperately to know what was happening out at the 20th, where Miss Julia Hill was trying to make Surrey's total 6—1 against Dorset, and so force a replay between Surrey and Cheshire that afternoon. She could not do it—all honour to Miss C. M. Ballantine—and so Cheshire won, with two wins and thirteen individual games to Surrey's two wins and twelve individual games. Cheshire did deserve it. They are a good side right through. It is all very well for Mrs. Macbeth to talk of herself as thrown to the lions at the top of the team; she very nearly beat Miss Gourlay there, and she did beat Miss Kerr, as aforesaid, which showed she would get in a shrewd enough gobble still, however small she roared about her chances beforehand. She is actually longer than in her Championship winning days, and all the old rhythm is there still.

I CAN tell you there was some fine golf up at the top of those four teams. Miss Mary Beard—I wouldn't be altogether surprised to see her with a medal by the time this is in print—played unbeatable stuff against Mrs. Macbeth, as a South-West Champion should; Miss Marjorie Kerr was out in 35 against Mrs. Macbeth, and the latter had to come home in 38 to go on to the 19th. Then Miss Gourlay was only one over fours for her 3 and 2 win from Miss Beard, with a couple of short putts missed in that, and finished out the round in 73, which made those who said 74 was a ridiculous par sit up a trifle. This, mind you, is the *men's* Royal Ashdown Forest course, not the new ladies', and it takes a deal of playing with its amazingly tough heather, its slopes, its babbling burns, where lucky folk like myself may see two kingfishers at once. I love the surroundings of Ashdown, the absolute naturalness and countryfiedness of the course, although I think it is a bit disconcerting to some people who are used to multiplicity of bunkers and have spent much time learning how to get out of them. One competitor was heard plaintively remarking that bunkers were worth shots and shots to her, she didn't know how she'd get on without them; while at the other end of the scale some tigers find distances all the harder to judge if there is no very definite hazard to guide their eye. One thing nobody can be sufficiently thankful for and that is the pure sand of Ashdown, so that, however full the babbling brooks might be, and even when there was casual water on the greens, the fairways were still perfect, and even the casual water dried up within a few hours. Anything more atrocious than the weather for the first few days you could only imagine if you remembered the County Finals of 1927, at Pannal, and the English Championship of 1924, at Cooden Beach. To the mere young people of to-day the afternoons of Thursday and Friday and Saturday were the last word in misery. Mercifully, things had cheered up by Monday morning; in fact, weather was so delicious that it was a perfect joy to be alive and out of doors, in that lovely country. Ashdown people are so nice, too. One felt as if they were all going out of their way extra much to give players just the sort of delightful welcome that Mrs. Hambro would have done, and the way the men's club officially, and the ladies' in the background, worked for everybody had to be seen to be believed. If, for example, you wanted converting to the possibilities of sandwiches for lunch, you could not do better than step into the ladies' club, with its attractive flowers and china, and club members to serve you. I wish other clubs would take note and follow suit.

Well, to turn to the golf on this first day, which is all you can hear about this week.

Miss Diana Fishwick got her revenge for the beating Mrs. Garon gave her in the first round of the English last year; but neither of them really did herself justice: Mrs. Garon seemed to try too hard, and even Miss Fishwick only found her proper rhythm after the turn. Miss Gourlay and Miss Wanda Morgan smothered opponents in firmly becoming fashion and first-class figures, but I think my vote for the best golf of the day shall go to the young Yorkshire Champion, Miss Mary Johnson, because she was up against somebody who might have been really brilliant if she had been allowed to be. Miss Johnson saw to it that she wasn't. A couple of birdie 3's in the first four holes, another three at the 9th, and she was out in 37 and four up on the hapless Miss Gwen Craddock Hartopp, the Midland Champion. When Miss Hartopp did produce a two at the 14th it only got her a half, and as the match was already dormy to Miss Johnson, that was the end of that.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

The Games at the Northern Capital

Individualities at Inverness

Miss Iris Grenfell and Lady Belper

Above: Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, who was Miss Pamela Bowes-Lyon, arriving at the Station Hotel

"Once Aboard the Bentley"

Mrs. Dick Winslowe boards her car on the way to the Games. She is a niece of Lord Doverdale, and her husband is a cousin of Lord Glenconner

Left: Miss Nemoni Balfour, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Balfour, of Dawyck, Peebleshire, and niece of Mr. Montagu Norman, with Miss Jean Henschel, who is a daughter of Sir George Henschel

Top left: Miss Iris Grenfell, daughter of Lady Lilian Grenfell, and Lady Belper, formerly Miss "Angie" Tollemache, find time to go round and do some shopping in the city

Connery Chappell on—

Kay Francis and Herbert Marshall in a close-up from a new Paramount film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, and probably to be called "The Honest Finder." Kay Francis is also billed for Ronald Colman's newest bit of work

The PASSING PICTURE SHOW

MILLIONS of film fans can rest in peace. Greta Garbo was not defeated by Joan Crawford in the race for *Grand Hotel's* major laurels. Indeed, I am rather of the opinion that this stupid idea that Miss Crawford *could* beat the Swede was fostered by interested persons with the object of giving the picture an added spice.

Actually, in this all-star picture of an all-star subject, Miss Crawford emerges serenely in the middle of the list, with the Garbo, who is nothing less than glorious, easily at the top. Our belief in a rational universe can consequently continue unimpaired.

It is impossible to affront *Grand Hotel* with the same detached critical armour which keeps one sane during the more stereotyped Hollywood hysterics. Five stars and a number of first-class supporting artists cannot be teamed in a film without raising excitement. Whether you believe in this "star system" or not, you are bound to be interested in the experiment, and, such is the calculated cunning of the film, your interest is quickly turned into sympathy.

I cannot agree with the more popular critics who consider *Grand Hotel* a masterpiece; still less can I agree with certain serious cinematic experts who consider it a fluent motion-picture essay. To me it will always be a deft example of stellar mathematics, with every "name" given its due quota of soft-focus close-ups.

Controversy it will arouse by the column, just as surely as thousands will flock to see it at the Palace. Hollywood has never been more sumptuous, and seldom more guileful.

As a starring vehicle for a host of "big names" it is a sure-fire success. As entertainment, it will no doubt be considered "big." But as a superb motion picture, which it has already been described as, it seemed to me to be missing on a number of cylinders.

AS a story, *Grand Hotel* is excellent film material. I would have preferred them to make it with one star and a number of good artistes. This surfeit of profile and glut of mascara cloys the mental digestion. Were it not for our amusement in noting the Barrymores rotating carefully in close-up, we would no doubt sigh for the care-free abandon of a news-reel.

Spotting the stars, luckily, is better than any competition, and *Grand Hotel* succeeds in consequence. Nevertheless, I could not help but question the producer's choice of artistes. They were all good—as they had to be with so much direct competition to face—but few of them portrayed the character they represented.

How, for instance, can one possibly visualise Garbo as a slightly passée ballerina? Garbo, the incredibly exotic creature who makes all other sex-appeal exponents look like chambermaids! Her work, of course, is superb, her screen appearance regal. As she saunters through the lobby of Grand Hotel she assumes the arrogance of complete beauty. We must be grateful to Hollywood for the finest example of glorious mis-casting it has ever given us.

MUCH the same can be said of the others. Lionel Barrymore, an excellent actor of the explosive school, suggests anything but the true tragedy of the death-stalked clerk. His is a fine example of hell-for-leather histrionics. We are again grateful to the casting department.

John Barrymore, curiously subdued, and without his appalling mannerisms, is nearer Vicki Baum than any of them. His Baron Gaigern is deftly tuned to the book and neatly expressed on the screen. A fine performance.

Beery, as Preysing, again approached the novel, despite his tendency to dive into American idiom. I am afraid Miss Crawford, as Flaemmchen, the typist, had a raw deal. She suggested nothing of the tragedy of the girl, turning her into a cheerful strumpet with a shrewd taste in boy friends, a shallow creature devoid of interest. Probably it was not her fault. When a young woman has made a fortune portraying "flaming youth" on the screen, the public expects its arched eyebrows.

Lewis Stone, as the shell-shocked surgeon, walked into the screen and dropped a cliché at odd moments, as though the script writer remembered the character. Another pity. Stone is a fine actor, and the part is a meaty one. It should have been built up.

I RAISE a critical bowler to the director for his infinite sense of applied algebra in working out the succession of stellar close-ups. Seldom has the screen and Einstein been so closely allied. Mr. Goulding, who handled this galaxy of stars with the air of an astronomer intensely interested in a new comet, gave more thought to the players than the mounting. Which is entirely understandable.

Millions of ardent film fans will subscribe to *Grand Hotel*, if only for the thrill of seeing Garbo and Joan doing their alleged rivalry act. As entertainment for the inveterates, the picture will make a fortune.

"ARMS AND THE MAN," Mr. Bernard Shaw's latest contribution to the gaiety of matters filmic, is now gracing the screen at the Regal. Mr. Shaw, it seems to me, can offer the screen exactly one thing in which it is normally lacking—clever dialogue.

Unfortunately, it is time somebody realised that clever dialogue is precisely what the screen should never aim at; your film should be a pattern in progressive mobility, a design of light and shade, not a parade of forgotten epigrams.

I HAVE always applauded the non-appearance of the Shavian plays on the films, and can only ardently hope they are still as far removed from celluloid as before. Two fine days make only an English summer, and we can but hope that Mr. Shaw's two filmic experiences will end his Elstree chapter.

The films themselves need not interest us: they do not differ much from many British films made to-day. It is their intent which is dangerous: the idea that films can be made entertaining by re-writing the preface to *Man and Superman*.

IF Mr. Shaw realised that the screen is not a two-dimensional stage with a gramophone accompaniment, and got down to the serious business of evolving a film formula, it would be different, of course. He might turn out to be the English Cecil B. de Mille, or the Elstree Eisenstein, or something equally appalling.

We prefer him as he is, a playwright. When Clara Bow starts rewriting *Hamlet*, we can give Mr. Shaw permission to start applying his photographed dialogue theories on the screen.

The Bright Eyes of Danger

Left: Elissa Landi wins more laurels for herself and the English contingent in Hollywood in her part in "The Sign of the Cross," which Cecil B. de Mille is directing—a production on the grand scale it will be, too

Below: Joel McCrea and Fay Wray are featuring in a new R.K.O. Radio film, "The Most Dangerous Game"; they look as if they thought it was a bit too dangerous. We have yet to see Joel McCrea (in rags again) with Dolores del Rio in the "Bird of Paradise" film

Waiting for What's Coming

Down a Garden Path: Lady Bridget Poulett and Lord Poulett Walking Round

Wre

SOMERSE

Earl Poulett

at

One of the most lovely places in the at Hinton St. George, Somerset, and sister were staying down there recentl house. Earl Poulett, who is twenty-three active service. He and Lady Bridget Poul

ere the Water-Lilies Grow

ET CALLING . . .

and Lady Bridget Poulett
t Hinton House

e West Country is Hinton House, Earl Poulett's home d these photographs, taken when Lord Poulett and his , show how attractively the gardens are laid out round the ree, succeeded to the title in 1918, when his father died on oulett spent a good deal of their childhood down in Somerset

Vista Through a Tudor Arch

The Clock Tower and Some Cedars

Photos by Swaebe

Photographs by Van Damm

THE SEVENTH VEIL

An attractive photograph of Maria Gambarelli in tulle and spangles. She has been dancing at the Savoy, and has also been televised by the B.B.C. as part of their "all-seeing" programme. Maria Gambarelli, who is Italian, made her name in New York as a ballet dancer at the Roxy Theatre

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

THE perfect costume for luncheon parties and afternoon wear would be this Vionnet two-piece, which consists of a black woollen dress with a satin top and a short black woollen coat trimmed with Persian lamb and buttoned on one side with three scarlet buttons. The brief coat is held in place by a wide black satin sash which crosses over in front and ties at the back. From Debenham and Freebody

A NEW décolletage at the back and novel cut-out shoulders which hint at sleeves distinguish this gown of purple crêpe. The cutting of the front is most interesting, and gives a very becoming line. Two large scarlet roses accentuate the V décolletage in front. From the new Model Gown department at Asprey's

HERE is a suggestion for one of the new Speciality materials which Celanese are bringing out this season at such remarkably low prices. This deep red crêpe with a closely woven rough surface would look charming made up with a full, shaped skirt, a cross-over bertha, and a belt of twisted red and gold

A SOLUTION to the problem of whether one's evening coat shall be long or short is suggested by this wrap of coral-coloured velvet. One side continues into a scarf, edged with beige fox, which is thrown over the left shoulder, and the right cuff is also edged with a wide band of fur. From Russell and Allen

For Day and Evening

JAEGER'S have a large selection of that most useful garment, a one-piece woollen dress suitable for wearing either beneath a cloth or fur coat. This one is made of a rust-coloured woollen material with a ribbed surface, and has a yoke with a high Russian collar of dull salmon pink. The price is as attractive as the style

THE inexpensiveness of H. J. Nicoll's excellent collection is almost unbelievable, and here the needs of the average girl are studied as much with regard to her pocket-book as to her smart appearance. This dress of black wool, with a circular yoke and deep cuffs of striped black and white ribbing, is only one of a large range of models, many priced at 3 gns.

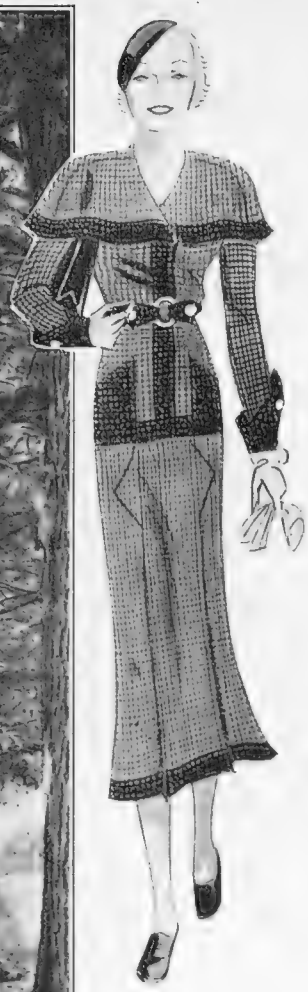
MRS. REX COLCLOUGH and MISS AUDREY SIMPSON are two of the young lovelies about town who have been chosen to accompany Miss Gwen Farrar in her amusing "turn" in the revue "After Dinner," which is shortly expected in London. Mrs. Colclough has chosen to be photographed in a deep ice-pink velvet gown, which is a Chanel model and comes from Fortnum and Mason. It has an excellently cut skirt and a short one-sided shoulder cape. Miss Simpson wears a Lanvin gown from Albert and Johnson, made of black tulle with a belt of, and a brief bolero edged with, light blue sequins. Now—

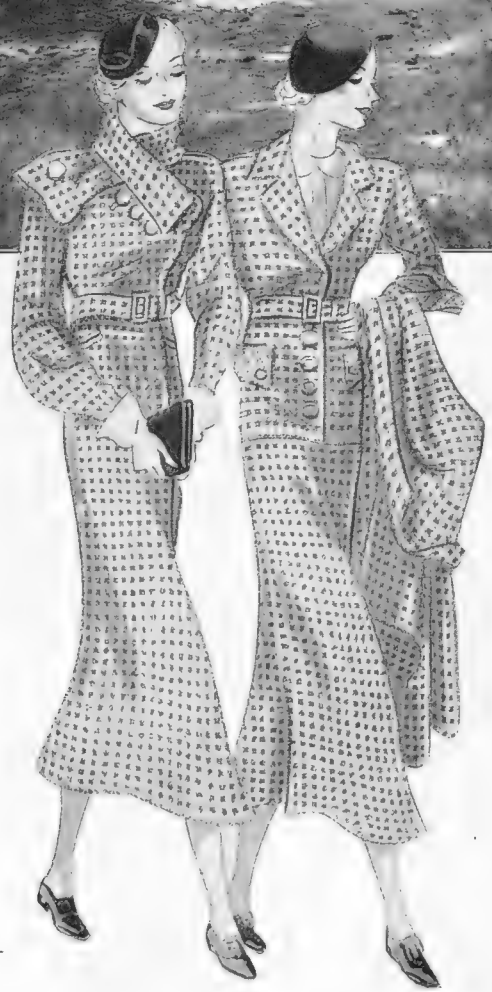
Which Would You Choose—

Shaw Wildman

Pink Velvet or Black Tulle?

COUNTRY SUITS





ABOVE is seen a charming suit from Liberty's model gown department, where an exceptionally large selection of new and inexpensive garments is to be found. It is made of a brown and rust woollen material, and the coat has a short cape

ON the left is sketched a Countyx ensemble which is just exactly what every country girl (and town-dweller, too, for that matter) requires. It is made of brown and white checked tweed, and the coat has shaped sleeves and a scarf collar

THE suit beneath the matching coat is cut on classical lines and is as excellently tailored as one would expect when the trade-mark is Countyx. It is single breasted and has small revers. The price of the complete three-piece costume is 8½ guineas

TOWN COSTUMES

AN afternoon dress from Gorringe is made of a thin black woollen material and has a tunic buttoned down the front which gives a coat effect. The original collar, cuffs and bow are of white kid finished with narrow scarlet strappings

A THIN novelty woollen crêpe makes this charming gown from the model department at Harvey Nichols. It has an interesting cut over the hips, is fastened by buttons on one side and replaces a collar by a scarf of black and white taffeta ribbon

FOR morning shopping Matita has designed an adorable little suit with a navy blue and white check tweed skirt and a jacket of navy blue velveteen. This has raglan sleeves, a scarf collar, and matching velvet gloves with tweed gauntlets

News and Novelties

AN unusually attractive knitted coat is made of green, with beige revers, and is fastened with two large metal buttons. It is hand-knitted and can be had in other colours. Woollands

SCOTTS of Bond Street have a new collection of extremely smart sports hats of which this is one. The grey felt is turned up at one side, has a grey and green striped band and scarf

FEATHERS are definitely "in," and one of the most attractive methods of using them is to make a shoulder cape for evening wear. These may be had in several colours. Debenhams

TAM-O'-SHANTERS are also much in evidence, but well-cut ones are more difficult to find than one would think. H. J. Nicoll have an excellent velvet one which pulls down over one ear

RABBITS will soon be feeling neglected, for their erstwhile rôle of aping their betters has now been taken by fabrics. This apparently ermine coat is as easy to look at as to wear, comes from Marshalls and costs 8½ gns.

THERE'S an unprecedented array of gay and charming lingerie in the shops to-day. Colours are more enchanting. Fabrics more versatile: more durable in wash and wear. Prices more moderate. You ask why this should be. What makes such value possible? THE REASON IS IN 'CELANESE.'

The reason is in 'Celanese'

Sole Mfrs. of 'Celanese' Yarn & Fabrics & proprietors of the trade mark 'Celanese': BRITISH CELANESE LIMITED, CELANESE HOUSE, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.I.

royds

RADIANT REDHEADS

By PAT CHARLES

1. Right: Mrs. Cunningham-Reid is the wife of Captain Bobby Cunningham-Reid, and was Miss Mary Ashley

2. Below: Lady Seafield is another representative of the "young-marrieds" in the radiant redhead class; she is the wife of Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert

3. Below: Lady Lavery brings her auburn loveliness from across the Atlantic, and is a worthy subject for her husband, Sir John Lavery's pictures

4. Miss Valerie Domville represents the débutantes; she came out this year. She is the daughter of the late Sir James Domville and Kathleen, Lady Domville

5. Miss Anny Ahlers appears for the stage and as a visitor from abroad who has become one of London's favourites in private life as well as in "The Dubarry"

SOFT, silky, caressing—a belt designed for you by Roussel woos your figure into beauty of line with unobtrusive tact. You will have the perfect comfort and absolute freedom of movement combined with adequate support which only a Belt by Roussel can give you.

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M. Roussel undertakes to give you a free adjustment service and a six months' guarantee that your belt retains its exquisite shape whilst your figure is moulded to the correct line.

To ensure this personal attention and perfect fitting, sales are confined to Roussel Salons.

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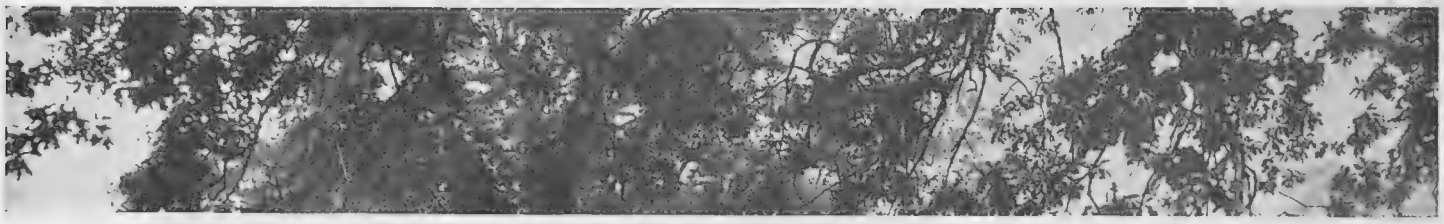

HUNTING NOTES and PROSPECTS : By "Bridle"

Above—Cub-hunting with the Garth: A picturesque photograph of huntsmen and hounds just before they moved off from a recent meet at Barkham Square, near Wokingham

Left: Mr. Frank Freeman, the famous ex-huntsman to the Pytchley, out on Exmoor with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds

TAKEN from a purely sporting point of view, fox-hunting prospects for the coming season are bright enough. From the majority of countries come encouraging reports in regard to the supply of strong, healthy foxes—rather too encouraging, perhaps, to please some non-hunting covert-owners—and although the harvest was, generally speaking, somewhat late, not a few packs commenced cubbing operations a week or ten days before partridge shooters celebrated the time-honoured Feast of St. Perdrix.

PRACTICALLY throughout September, the mornings were delightfully fine and mild, and although at times scenting conditions proved none too good, either in covert or in the open, most Midland and Northern packs seem to have accounted for their complement of cubs during the earlier phase of the season, and will continue this very essential work until early November, when fox-hunting proper opens. I have of late seen some wonderfully good hound-work done by the young entry under moderate or poor scent, while, from constant "bustling," young Master Reynard is becoming uncommonly knowing and enterprising. It is not unusual, in dry, warm weather such as we experienced last month, for hounds to find cubs harbouring in root-fields, comfortable hedgerows, withy-beds, on the top of grassy banks and other well-furnished quarters in the open, rather than in covert. Seldom, however, have I seen more coverts drawn blank and more litters "pushed up" from strange places than during the first month of cub-hunting. Pheasants, too, have apparently taken to wandering more than is usually the case from their natal woodlands. I recently heard several keepers complain that their

(*Continued on page 44*)

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AN INDISPENSABLE contribution to one's toilette, the "Hunting Bun," when attached, ensures adequate support, and while the hardest gallop will not displace it, the Bun is easily detached when desiring to revert to the usual coiffure. It is of negligible weight and is indetectable in wear, being made to match your own hair exactly.

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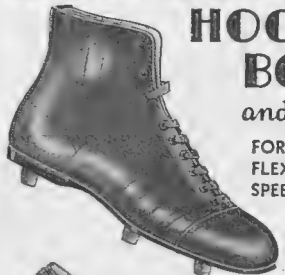

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Hunting Notes and Prospects

(Continued from page 42)

birds have developed the habit of juking in the open on the wrong side of the boundaries, instead of roosting on branches of trees well out of reach of vulpine marauders. Well, there are only two ways of dealing with wandering long-tails: either drive them back into covert or leave them to be mopped up by furred or fustian-clad night-prowlers.

Some Busy Mornings Amongst the Cubs

SINCE the early-morning cub-hunting fixtures have been altered from the somewhat uncomfortable hours of 5.30 and 6 o'clock to those of 7.30, 8, and even—as in the case of the South Notts Hounds—9 o'clock, one notices a considerable increase in the number of people, mounted and afoot, at such meets, the fair sex being invariably well represented. The Meynell, which, as usual, was one of the first of the Midland packs to get to work amongst the cubs, continues to find, and kill, plenty of foxes. Sir Peter Farquhar, the joint-Master with Sir William Bass, hunts hounds himself and, incidentally, he and Mr. C. Hilton-Green, Master of the Cottesmore, have earned for themselves the enviable reputation of being two of the most talented and successful amateur huntsmen in the kingdom. I hear that followers of the former pack had a rattling morning from Church Broughton recently. Having accounted for a Foston Top cub within forty-five minutes, hounds went away with an old fox from Sailor's Holme, hunted him through Foston Top and into Church Leys. Without dwelling a moment, he led them into the Snipe Bed, swung to the left, leaving Scropton on his right, and thence nearly to Tutbury. He then doubled back over the Derby-Uttoxeter road, skirted Jackson's Plantation, bang through Foston Top Covert and Sailor's Holme, and into Beech Gorse, where hounds were stopped, after an excellent hunt of an hour and fifteen minutes. Considering that the coverts are still very thick, and the fences confoundedly blind and trappy, this must have been rather a wonderful run for the time of year. The Cottesmore held their first cubbing meet, in the Melton side of the country, at Berry's Gorse on September 24, when a large field turned out, under the command of Mr. C. Hilton-Green, the Master and huntsman. After a busy thirty minutes, hounds killed in the gorse, and later in the morning Laxton's Covert, Stapleford Park, yielded another cub. Mr. Green has, so far, handled 18½ brace this season.

Patient faces: Some of the Essex Hunt hounds in the kennels at Harlow, before going out to a cub-hunting meet

A small accessory: The terrier goes out in his leather satchel with the Chiddingfold Foxhounds; they met recently for cub-hunting at Combe Court, near Chiddingfold

A September morning in Surrey: Hounds working in a covert after the meet at Combe Court, the residence of Mr. G. H. Pinckard, who was Master of the Chiddingfold for eight years.

CUB-HUNTING operations with the Quorn Hounds have been considerably interfered with by fog. When this famous pack met at Kemp's Spinney, near Kinoulton, a delay of an hour and a-half was caused by heavy fog. Scent, however, was good, and although a number of noted coverts, including Herrick's Thorns, Oxby's Thorns, Kinoulton Wood, a root-field, a spinney, and a warren were all in

(Continued on page 45)

OCTOBER, 1932

1st to the 10th inclusive

1st Pheasant shooting begins.
Racing. Alexandra Park, Thirsk and Phœnix Park; Stratford-on-Avon Steeplechases.
Swimming. Essex County Championship Gala, Ilford.
Football. Qualifying Competition F.A. Cup 1st Round.

2nd Summer Time ends.

3rd **Racing.** Nottingham.
Trade Fair. Shoe and Leather, Royal Agricultural Hall.
Lawn Tennis. Open Tournament (Hard Courts) Bournemouth.

4th **Racing.** Nottingham.
Shows. Fruit and Vegetable, Royal Horticultural Hall. Agricultural Fair, Ballinasloe, I.F.S.
Swimming. Otter S.C. Gala, Marshall Street, London.

5th **Racing.** Chepstow, Pontefract and Curragh.
Shows. Agricultural Fair, Ballinasloe, I.F.S. Dog Show, Kennel Club, Crystal Palace. Grocers' Trade Exhibition, Swansea.
Swimming. A.S.A. Ladies' 150 yards backstroke, Middlesbrough.

6th **Racing.** Chepstow, Pontefract and Curragh. Fontwell Park and Ludlow Steeplechases.
Fairs. Goose Fair, Nottingham.
Shows. Kennel Club Dog Show, Crystal Palace. South Devon Cattle Show and Sale, Totnes.
Motoring. Paris Salon opens.

7th **Racing.** Haydock Park. Ludlow and United Border Hunt. Steeplechases, Kelso.
Fairs. Goose Fair, Nottingham.

8th **Racing.** Kempton Park, Haydock Park and Naas. Ludlow and United Border Hunt. Steeplechases, Kelso.
Greyhound Racing. St. Leger Final, Wembley.
Swimming. S.C.A.S.A. Inter County Championship, Croydon.
Fairs. Goose Fair, Nottingham.
Motoring. Southport M.C. Race Meeting, Southport.
Football. Qualifying Competition F.A. Amateur Cup 1st Round.
Rugby. Warwickshire v. East Midlands, Coventry. Leicestershire v. North Midlands, Leicester.

10th **Racing.** Uttoxeter Steeplechases.
Fairs. Statute Fair, Tewkesbury, Glos.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Hunting Notes and Prospects *(cont. from p. 44)*

turn drawn blank, a remarkably well-grown cub was rolled over in Kemp's Spinney. Again, when the Quorn met at Breedon Cloud Wood, the covert was completely veiled by a dense volume of grey mist. Upon this occasion, however, the fog lifted rapidly and, despite poor scent, hounds succeeded in scoring a brace. One of the cubs in question was found, and despatched, in Breedon Cloud—something of a red-letter event in the annals of the Hunt, for it was the first fox killed in these coverts within thirty or more years. Since Major A. E. Burnaby's widely regretted retirement last season, Sir Harold Nutting has been in sole command of the Quorn, Major W. P. Cantrell-Hubbersty ably filling the rôle of Deputy-Master, when necessary. The Quorn Hounds, by the way, cost between £10,000 and £11,000 a year to keep up. Sir Harold is guaranteed only £2500 this year, instead of £4000 as formerly.

To the immense satisfaction of hunting folk and farmers alike, Lieut.-Colonel Gordon Colman continues to rule over the fortunes of the Belvoir. There is a great show of foxes on every side of the extensive Belvoir territory, and a friend who was out with these hounds a few mornings ago assured me that he saw no fewer than five brace of cubs afoot when Clawson Thorns and Holwell Mouth were drawn. Amongst other packs kennelled within easy motoring distance of my habitat are the Earl of Harrington's, the Burton, the Rufford, and the South Notts, all of which have put in useful work among the litters of cubs ever since the harvest was carried. I may mention that the name of that fine horsewoman and clever amateur hunts-

Another photograph of the Chiddingfold pack after their meet at Combe Court: Hounds being put on the line after a cub has been sighted

man, the Countess of Harrington, will grace the new Lists as Master of the Earl of Harrington's Hounds since 1931.

Keeping Their Sterns Up

No branch of British field-sport or rural industry has been harder hit by industrial and agricultural depression than hunting. It can only be expected, therefore, that our old scarlet-clad friend, *Baily's*, and the revised Lists of Hounds for 1932-33, will reveal an unusually large number of changes in Mastership and Hunt personnel. Still, where suitable Masters have not been forthcoming, a committee, as a rule, has stepped into the breach, and I venture to say that the names of no recognised subscription packs of foxhounds will be found missing in the before-mentioned directory. In any case, he who does not rejoice at the fall of the leaf and the advent of November is but a sorry type of fox-hunter.

The Young Entry Will Carry On

Despite the croakings and babbling of the anæmic kill-joy merchants, whose *knowledge* of "field-sports" is usually acquired within four wind- and weather-proof walls, hunting is not doomed to die a natural death for many a long year to come. Thanks to that excellent institution, the Hunt Pony Club, and, of course, to the Master's talk at the Children's Meet, one finds an ever-increasing number of budding Nimrods and Dianas who not only ride well to hounds but who have also learned, and *remembered*, more about the usages of the hunting-field than some of their elders and betters. It is to the younger generation of fox-hunters, and their children and grandchildren to come, that we must look to carry on and maintain the glorious traditions of the Chase, a love of which is inherent in every true-bred and well-conditioned British boy and girl.

A FAMOUS HUNTING HOUSE

FOR many years past, in the Hunting Number of THE BYSTANDER, there has appeared a quarter page advertisement for Allports of Birmingham.

THIS announcement appears this year in a somewhat different form. The famous firm of hunting and sporting tailors—founded in 1793—was acquired by Mr. H. Dennis Bradley and Mr. Anthony Bradley in the early part of the year.

POPE and BRADLEY lead the fashions in the West End for lounge suits and dress clothes, and the introduction of our London cutters and workhands to Birmingham has brought Allports into closer touch with the West End. On the other hand, Allports have on their staff breeches makers which are without parallel—certainly we know of none in London who are better. A family who for generations have been masters of this craft, and who have handed down the tradition. All Pope and Bradley's breeches are now made in Birmingham—which is a tribute, for we have the cream of London to choose from.

THE minimum prices are the same at both houses: Hunting Frock and Cutaway, twelve guineas. Dress, thirteen guineas.

LOUNGE Suits from ten guineas, Dinner Suits from fifteen guineas, Dress Suits from sixteen guineas.

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A selection of natural mounts made by ex-Service Men always in stock from 1/6 each.
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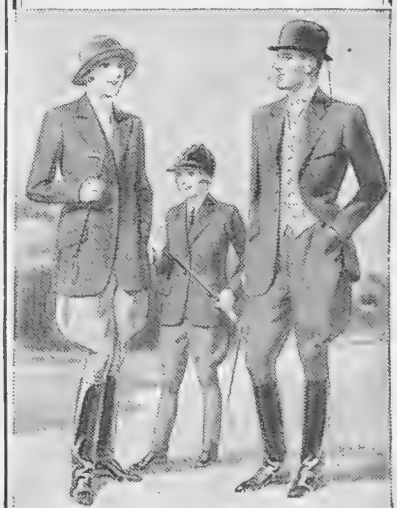

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. . . the latest Austin model—the Light Twelve-Four they call it. I was impressed. In their own line of giving solid worth in every respect for an extraordinarily low price, I really think they've surpassed themselves! Here, in point of fact, is a large four-seater car. It's got a saloon body which by any standard is undoubtedly 'de luxe.' It's got a Twin-Top four-speed gearbox, and all this insulated engine-suspension there's been so much talk about, to give smoother power (and it does!). You get 24 horse-power for a tax of £12, and the price is under £200. I saw it at an Austin dealer's in the town . . . The fellow there told me lots of interesting things about the rest of their new range. They are offering a choice of 26 body styles altogether. . . that new Sixteen sounds attractive. 'Berkeley,' it's named. They've got it drop-mounted, and with a sloping windscreen and streamline front—the idea is to get that low, sleek effect, and I should think they've got it all right. I'm anxious to see it . . . Another car I want to see is the new Twenty Ranelagh. That always was a fine-looking car, you know—got a real 'pricey' look about it though it's only £575—but I reckon that with a streamline front and new waist-line moulding they've struck about the only points where it could have been improved . . . Why, of course, they're at Olympia—on Stand 45.

I SAW TODAY

Making England Fit for Flying

By Capt. C. E. Ward

The "A.A." Register of Landing Grounds

To anyone who flies, whether for pleasure or on business, there is an ever-present difficulty of knowing where to land at any particular place not listed as possessing an aerodrome. Farmers and landowners generally have an objection to casual visitors from the sky who drop into their best fields without asking for permission in advance. And it isn't easy, whilst circling round a good-looking perch, to decide who it belongs to and to find out if the owner is an agreeable fellow. The Aviation Division of the "A.A.," and especially its director, Mr. Ivor McClure, deserve the thanks of the community for solving part of this problem with the issue of a Register of Landing Grounds. All those which are listed have been used previously by aircraft, but many are not licensed by the Air Ministry, and pilots must decide for themselves whether a site is suitable for their own machine. Only members of the Association are entitled to subscribe for the Register, but as most people who own aeroplanes are also in possession of a car, and consequently have joined for that reason, it follows that this list will circulate amongst those to whom it will be of most use.

The Romford Display

Sir Maurice Jenks, Bart., the Lord Mayor of London, in his speech at Romford, when Mr. Edward Hillman entertained a large party before the Essex Air Display, said that he regarded those who had never flown as rather inferior people. Certainly the man or woman who has not even indulged in a five-shilling joy-ride is a "rara avis," and a révival of the war-time nickname, "Kiwi," a bird which cannot fly, seems indicated. The Lord Mayor flew from Heston to Romford in the Spartan Cruiser which had been used a few days previously by the Prince of Wales when on his way to Copenhagen. The display, almost the last big event of the flying season, was in every way a success, more than fifty machines taking part. A flight of "Bulldogs," from No. 54 Squadron, gave the usual finished performance of R.A.F. pilots in action. From the comments amongst the crowd, quite fifty per cent. had never seen a high-speed machine in full cry, and so the Hawker "Fury" gave them a real thrill. Amongst those who arrived by air were Lt.-Col. Shelmerdine, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Mollison, Captain Dick Bentley, Mrs. Victor Bruce, and the Flying Family.

Air time at Heston. The figures in the centre, examining the electric clock for pilots, are the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Maurice Jenks, Bart., and Mr. Nigel Norman, one of the proprietors of the Airport

Machines for Private Owners

Two other types for which I had not space to refer last week have attracted attention this season. The Redwing, which has seats side by side, is cheap, safe for the beginner, and excellent for operation from a small field. In the slow-flying events, especially when piloted by Flight-Lt. Russell, it has no equal if one excepts machines which are slotted, and the unorthodox types, like the Autogiro, the Pterodactyl, and the Gugnunc. The Gull, a cabin monoplane designed by Mr. E. W. Perceval, averages anything between 120 and 140 miles an hour on cross-country journeys, carrying three people and luggage. It has good lines, a point that will appeal more and more in future, when aeroplanes are sold like cars, as much on good appearance as high performance. The Monospar, the first practical twin-engined machine for the private owner, is enjoying a great success. Engines are started by the pilot from his seat, and the wing-folding arrangements are simplicity itself. Every machine is wired for navigation lights, and one has been fitted with a head-light to assist in landings where no floodlight or flares are available. As a type it should be good for training pilots who want to graduate in the multi-engined class.

A Southern Airport

Portsmouth, the latest of our cities to put itself on the air map, has every reason to be proud of itself, for the aerodrome created out of chaos by Mr. Hunter, of Chester, has, without a doubt, the finest surface of any in England. This is the best advertisement which could be desired, because people who land there will want to come again, if only for the pleasure of putting the machine down on that marvellously green turf, where wheels and even tail-skids seem to leave no permanent impression. The ferry service to the Isle of Wight has been doing good business during the last month or so, several thousand people having made the crossing. Services operate four times a day in each direction, the Wessex, the Monospar,

Another world's record for England. Captain C. F. Uwins, in the centre, with the Vickers "Pegasus" in which he reached an altitude of more than eight miles. Mr. Fedden, designer of the Bristol "Pegasus" engine, is on the left, and Mr. R. C. Pierson, responsible for the Vickers machine, is seen examining the barograph

and a Puss Moth being used according to the demand. A new service is to be started shortly, connecting Portsmouth with Reading and Oxford, and another to the West of England, terminating either at Plymouth or Bristol. It is on such cross-country routes that aeroplanes are most valuable for transport purposes. To fly from Portsmouth to London barely saves time over the train, if one takes into account the time to get from the aerodrome at each end, and this applies to most connections on the main railway routes.

For the Novice as a Navigator

An important lecture, the first of this session, will be given to-morrow night, Thursday, October 6, at the Royal Society of Arts by Captain Norman Macmillan, dealing with Air Navigation. Advance proofs indicate that the subject is treated especially to appeal to pilots who are not yet experienced navigators. The essential instruments, together with the natural aids to finding one's position and keeping a good course, are discussed, as well as various scientific methods which can be mastered by those who do not possess great mathematical ability. Captain Macmillan has had very wide experience of flying, and is a practised lecturer, accustomed to present his case most lucidly. The Royal Aeronautical Society's lecture series for the winter months is of more than ordinary interest.

Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

As a preface to what I have to say on this page, I will give my readers a short description of what befell me when I visited the White City on one of the race evenings of last week.

I had entered the lift, and the gates were practically shut, when another visitor to the club arrived upon the scene, and the liftman admitted him before taking me up to the club above. This visitor and I looked at each other for a moment or two in silence, and I am pretty sure that he was suffering from the same awful feeling that was worrying me—that feeling that one gets when one recognises a face and yet has no idea of the name of the person who owns it, or even where one has previously come into contact with that person. However, we spoke to each other, and after a few moments realised that we had met two years ago on the ship which was taking us out to South America. We chatted for a little, and I asked him if he often came to see the dogs race: he told me that whenever he could get away he always attended at the White City.

WE parted when we reached the club, and I had not yet arrived at my table when I came face to face with an old friend whom I had not seen for some months. I expressed surprise at meeting him there, because I had had no idea that he took any interest in greyhound racing. He told me that this was his first visit, and that he liked the place: as a corollary, I might add that before the end of the evening he came to me especially to tell me that he intended to come many times in the future, and had decided to join the club: on that particular occasion he was a guest of a member.

Jean Orton, youngest daughter of Wimbledon's most successful trainer, with her two friends, Even Balance and Toftwood Mystic, two famous racing greyhounds

Strange it may seem, but true it is, that before the evening was out yet another friend of mine, this time a man whom I had not seen for a year or two, passed by on his way to the Tote in order to place his wager, and he was sufficiently flattering to inform me that he had first visited the club because of the articles which he had read in THE BYSTANDER, and that now nothing would induce him to miss his Tuesday evening's sport.

NOW the point I am making is that you may see, not merely round about the club at the White City, but round about the grounds generally, people waiting for their friends. It has become fashionable among all classes of men and women to arrange a meeting-place somewhere within the grounds of the White City, and there spend a pleasant evening at the racing. It is quite extraordinary how rapidly greyhound racing is developing in this manner. There has always been a large number of people who will attend greyhound racing meetings wherever they may be, but it is only recently that people of the class that uses the club at the White City—which is to say, of the class from which members of the social clubs in London are drawn—have begun to realise what a fascinating sport it is. And not only fascinating, but (an important matter these days) a very reasonable one from a financial point of view, for the membership of the White City Club costs very little and the food is excellent and inexpensive.

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Intimate Impressions of Famous Golf Clubs:

Links with Character

Worplesdon: By Gerard Fairlie Pictured by H. H. Harris

Showing Goring-Thomas, Secretary to the Worplesdon Golf Club, dealing with applications for the famous Mixed Foursomes, and the assistant-secretary dashing to the post

IF you take the trouble to look up various golf clubs of your acquaintance in any golfer's handbook you are occasionally rewarded by a discovery which previously had escaped you when visiting the club. In a handbook which recently found itself at my mercy, I looked up Worplesdon. Now, I felt slightly like a youth faced for the first time with confidences from another—a feeling of prying into secret facts, a sensation almost of eavesdropping. I have not the pleasure of belonging to the Worplesdon Golf Club, yet I now know the limit of membership for both men and women (and note that no member may have his wife also as a member, which seems strange at the home of the Mixed Foursomes! . . . But perhaps there are three hundred bachelor males belonging to the club; or perhaps the committee are not red-lettered by their own laws!). I know also that visitors must be introduced by a member, and exactly what I shall have to pay. And I have discovered one illuminating line at the very bottom of the entry: "Special terms to members of H.M. Forces"!

This took my thoughts back to a long time ago, when I also was a professional soldier, "Special terms" were no doubt arranged between our Adjutant and Worplesdon's secretary, for I remember that we were all members of the Worplesdon Club for a very low financial obligation. And I remember, in particular, the conversations held in the Mess when the proposition was put to us for ratification. Some said Worplesdon was perhaps a little muddy in the winter; some said that perhaps there were other courses in the vicinity which were better than that at Worplesdon; some said Worplesdon was perhaps a little inaccessible, unless you had a car. But these slight drawbacks, to the minds of those who raised the points, were as nothing compared to the one essential advantage.

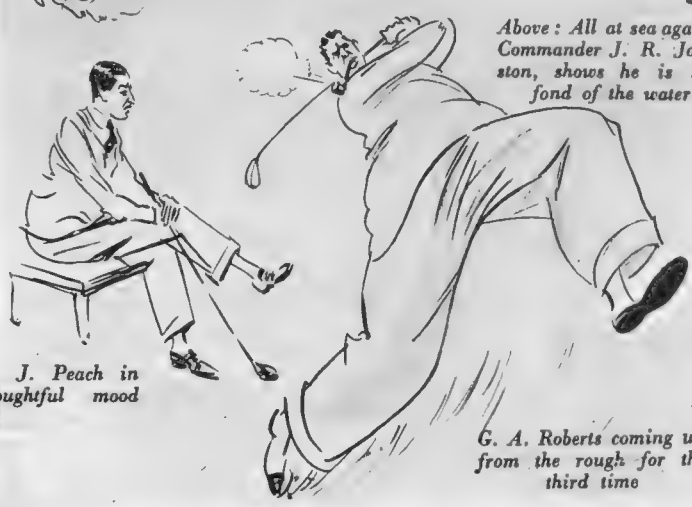
Many of us had visited the courses all around before any approach had been made to any secretary by our Adjutant, so we knew what our impressions were and what we wanted. We all wanted Worplesdon. You see, we liked being amongst people who obviously wanted to be friends.

NOW Worplesdon has definitely got just that atmosphere. In the minds of those who visit the Club for the first time, there is vague thought of the fact that this is the home of *the* Mixed Foursomes, and an added interest therefrom in order to discover just what sort of a home it is. In the minds of those who know the Club, who have, perhaps, played in the Mixed Foursomes, there is always a feeling of pleasant anticipation, for a visit to an old friend is inevitably a treat. But the strange and pleasant thing about the Club is the fact that, in five minutes, the man who is visiting for the first time feels himself at home, just like the returning guest. Worplesdon does that nice thing to him.

Perhaps this atmosphere is aided by the fact that Worplesdon is not very old. There is something a little awe-inspiring, a little shattering, in a visit to one's grandmother. To go to see an uncle or aunt can be disturbing. But to visit a contemporary friend is always fun. Worplesdon came into existence, the course in the expert hands of Mr Abercromby, no longer ago than five years before the war, and the then Arthur Balfour was the first Captain of the Club. Good auspices!

Right: In a very high wind, the figure on the clubhouse resembles Eros. Below: It is pleasing to note they keep this chained up in the clubhouse

Above: All at sea again: Commander J. R. Johnston, shows he is still fond of the water



A. J. Peach in thoughtful mood

G. A. Roberts coming up from the rough for the third time

At the fifteenth hole there is a most beautiful garden, but there is a rival show started by Percy Chapman and his niblick

WORPLESDON, other than *the* Mixed Foursomes, has perhaps no particular claim to fame. The course is pleasant, in fact, perhaps, pleasantly good; there are many holes which take a deal of playing; there is nothing unfair to infuriate rabbit or tiger, and, best of all, a grand shot will have a grand result. There are times, too, when Worplesdon is very beautiful; the garden on the right of the fifteenth fairway does much by its riot of colour to smooth the ruffled slicer, to soothe from the inevitable fact that the ball is lost. And the trees which wait either for hook or push from the eleventh or twelfth tees have their majesty and grandeur. The clubhouse is nothing out of the way in clubhouses, but it also is pleasant and comfortable and homely, and it has a delightful feature in its terrace, which enables the spectator to leave his coffee after a summer lunch, watch a putt missed on the fourth, and a drive fluffed to the fifth, and return to his coffee much encouraged. Perhaps

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Here is the artist, Charles Ambrose: we now know he is—

[continued below]

sufficiently encouraged to order a liqueur.

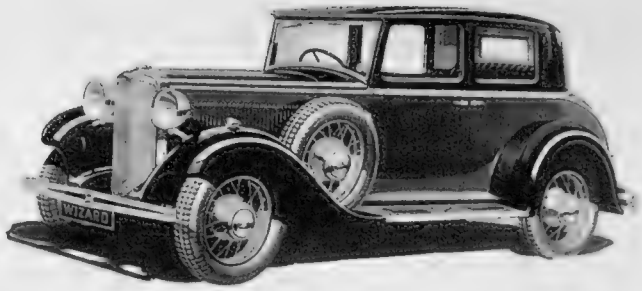
But Worplesdon's real claim to fame lies in *the* Mixed Foursomes.

ON a certain famous occasion, the late A. C. M. Croome wrote in the *Field* that Colonel Bunbury (then secretary at Worplesdon) started the Mixed Foursomes at Worplesdon in 1921. He was right in that the Mixed Foursomes were started at Worplesdon in 1921, but he was wrong in crediting Colonel Bunbury with the achievement. Actually the idea originated with Charles Ambrose and Bernard Darwin.

It happened this way. Ambrose was then Captain of the Club, and one day he was playing round Woking with Bernard Darwin. Ambrose remarked that he wanted to do something more for Worplesdon than give the customary Captain's prize, in order to commemorate his term of office, and Darwin, saying that an open competition for mixed foursomes had never properly been organised, suggested that here was the great opportunity. Ambrose thought it over very carefully, and liked the idea; the more he thought of it, the more he liked it. (And, in parenthesis, may I say that eighty-four couples yearly ever since have thanked their Maker that he did!). The thought of the Wethereds, Joyce and Roger, as a bait, occurred to him, and Darwin to back them up. The idea matured. Charles Ambrose knew most of the first-class golfers of the day, for, apart from personal friendships, he was at that time engaged on sketching everybody who was anybody in the golfing world; he wrote round to them and asked them what they thought of the idea. The answers came flocking in, and a strong nucleus was obtained; and then Colonel Bunbury, as secretary of the club, carried on in the good work with his usual efficiency. But in the years that have followed, it must not be forgotten that the late R. Goring-Thomas, father of the present secretary at Worplesdon, did perhaps more than any one individual person to create the atmosphere of this particular tournament. There are some strange stories, and some stirring ones as well, about *the* Mixed Foursomes. I think I am right in saying that T. A. Torrance, who won the Foursomes with Miss Eleanor Helme in that first tournament, only met Miss Helme on the first day on the first tee for the first time in his life!

Present captain: J. McMurray, C.B.E.

——responsible for this kind of thing called mixed foursomes



The new Wizard Sports Saloon—one of the latest productions from the famous Hillman factory. The smart appearance of the front of the car will be readily noticed

The Skidding Season Once Again

By The Earl of Cardigan

PERHAPS needlessly, I always feel rather apologetic when I sit down to write an article on the time-honoured subject of skidding. Every year, however, at about this time, I read or hear how some unfortunate motorist has skidded his or her car into a ditch, with the usual unpleasant consequences. What is much worse, I sometimes have to listen to the traditional idiotic comments, such as "Of course, you see, the car skidded and got out of control, so what could the driver do?"

A remark of this sort, I need hardly say, is to me as the sound of the trumpet to the old war-horse. I rush to the typewriter, and commence to rack my brain once more for the best and clearest method of explaining the cause, prevention and cure of the ordinary skid. It has all been explained, I know, a hundred times before; but I cannot, so long as motorists skid cars into ditches and seem to regard this form of accident as the action of malevolent fate, refrain from explaining it again.

It may be convenient, in order to express the problem of skidding in its simplest terms, to consider one individual but typical skid. A good example is the skid which occurred to me recently on one of my car-testing expeditions. I was driving a new car from St. James's Street into the Mall, and experienced quite a violent little skid while making the right-handed turn towards Buckingham Palace. It was not a serious matter, but it might have become so had it not been immediately corrected.

Let us see, in the first place, what was the cause of this skid. I had been held up by the policeman near St. James's Palace. On receiving the signal to proceed, I had changed up into second gear, entered the Mall, turned my wheel to the right, and proceeded to accelerate.

IT is to be noted that, at the moment when the skid commenced, my front wheels were turned to the right. Now, it is perfectly obvious that, in normal circumstances, my back wheels were bound to conform to this turn. Actually, they did not do so. On the contrary, they began to slide away violently to the left. Clearly some abnormal influence was at work.

It is not difficult to guess what this abnormal influence was. The car was a very powerful one, and I had, by accelerating quickly in a low gear, caused the back wheels to spin. This spinning action caused the tyres to lose their grip on the wet surface of the road, and centrifugal force was therefore able to swing the tail of the car outwards, i.e., to the left.

Now, since I had caused the skid by making the back wheels spin, the obvious way to stop the skid was to make the back wheels cease spinning. This I did by the simple process of taking my foot off the accelerator.

So far, so good. The cause of the skid was now removed, but the car, meanwhile, had swung round almost at right angles to its proper course. Its nose was now pointing to St. James's Palace, and its tail to St. James's Park.

My next move, however, was equally obvious. Since I wanted to go in the direction of Buckingham Palace, I merely turned the front wheels in that direction, i.e., to the left. Having now no excuse for doing otherwise, the back wheels followed suit. With a final waggle of its tail, the car settled down once again to its normal routine.

HERE, then, we have the record of a typical, everyday skid. There are, I think, three things to be learned from it.

In the first place, it ought not to have occurred. I was entirely to blame for accelerating too rapidly when turning on a greasy surface.

In the second place, it was necessary at once to remove the original cause of the skid.

In the third place, it was necessary to turn the front wheels in order to bring the car back on to the desired course. (It is quite unnecessary to burden one's memory with tags about "steering in the direction of the skid." It is sufficient, and achieves the same result, merely to keep the nose of the car pointing straight down the centre of the road.)

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F. G. L. Fairlie on GOLF

The Royal and Ancient Meeting at St. Andrews

THE Autumn Meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club has just been held at St. Andrews, and the coveted principal honour, in the shape of the King William The Fourth Medal, was won by Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley, with the remarkably fine score of 73. The Gold Medal of the Club, which is the second prize, was won by R. H. Oppenheimer, who completed the course in 76; and the Silver Boomerang, which is the Handicap prize, was also won by General Critchley, who had been allotted the surprisingly generous handicap of one stroke. The Glennie Medal, which is the aggregate medal for the Spring and Autumn Meetings, was won by W. B. Torrance, whose 79 last Wednesday, added to his 81 at the Spring Meeting, was sufficiently good to secure this award.

IT so happened that I had the good fortune to be General Critchley's partner during his winning round, and am therefore in a position to tell you all about it. It so happened, also, that the starting time which had been allotted to us enabled me to watch a few holes of Raymond Oppenheimer's round as well. General Critchley won his medal entirely by a combination of daring and determined golf. He started with a well-played four which never looked as if it were going to be anything else. He took three putts from rather a long way from the hole on the second green—a thing which is lamentably easy to do at St. Andrews—and followed with two steady fours, until we started the long hole out. Here he had a good drive to the right spot, but tried for a little too much with his second shot, which he cut into the whins, and a bad six had to go down on the card. Thence to the turn, however, he played good golf, and he was only two over fours at this point. He started home in a blaze of glory, getting a perfectly played three at the tenth, and placing his tee shot within two and a-half feet of the eleventh pin, but, unfortunately, his ball was resting above the hole, and for once his courage failed him. He tried to trickle the ball in and missed, so that was another good three instead of what might have been a brilliant two. At the twelfth hole he took three putts, possibly remembering the chance he had missed on the previous green, but he played the next three holes perfectly in four each, after driving into Walkinshaw at the thirteenth.

AT this point a succession of fives had ruined any chance that I might have had, but I found myself, as one so often does when playing in a competition with a man who is showing excellent form, taking every bit as much interest in his game and his chance as I would have been were I in the same position.

Well, General Critchley did his best for me. In these last three holes he gave me the most terrific moments of suspense that I think I have ever experienced—and this is the story.

WE knew, at this point, that he had a 76 to beat and, of course, failing some frightful accident, it looked as if he ought to do it. He hit a good drive from the sixteenth tee well to left, and played what appeared at first to be a good second, but I suddenly realised, to my horror, that the ball was making straight for Wig Bunker, and that it was extremely doubtful whether it would carry it. Actually the ball struck the very top of the face and rolled back into the bunker. General Critchley got very well out to within about three yards of the hole, but his putt just sidled past the lip and did not drop. That was a five, which meant that he still had two fours for a 74. He hit a magnificent drive to the seventeenth, well over the stationmaster's mechanised garden, and then, to my horror, took a spoon for his second. I say, "to my horror," because anyone who knows St. Andrews will realise that he was about to play a shot which, in the circumstances, for courage amounted practically to foolhardiness. He played, however, one of the finest shots I have ever seen with a very slight draw, which for quite a long time appeared to have but one destination, and that somewhere very near the hole. The ball, however, began to turn towards the Road Bunker. Still, I thought that it would miss it and come off the bank in towards the hole . . . but this was not to be: into that terrifying little bunker it went. Visions arose in my mind of the elevens and even thirteens that I had heard about—told to me in hushed tones by those who had seen medals thrown away at this road hole. It was with very great anxiety that I watched General Critchley play this next all-important shot, but I need not have worried. He entered the bunker as if he meant to lay the ball dead—and did so. Still a four for a 74. At the home hole he hit a great drive on the left-hand line and played a good second on to the green, but some way from the hole. Here General Critchley had the only piece of real luck which came to him throughout the entire round, for he holed this putt for a three.

IT is nearly always possible, when playing a good round of golf, to look back and admit that the luck has been to a certain extent with you, but General Critchley can look back at his winning round at St. Andrews with the certain knowledge that the round which he played was devoid of luck and fully represented the quality of his golf. He did hole two long putts, but he missed two short ones to make up for them, so that was all square, so far as luck goes, at the finish.

RAYMOND OPPENHEIMER'S score of 76 won for him the Gold Medal, and it was a good round, spoilt by certain lapses in the last few holes. He was only one over fours with four holes left to play, but the fives crept in. Still, it was a good performance, although Oppenheimer must be getting just a little tired of second places after his golf of this season. Perhaps the firsts will come next year. A good player has only to bide his time.

EARLY in the morning the Earl of Lindsay drove himself into office as Captain of the Club in the traditional manner. He had a sweet revenge on the caddies, who, for the most part, had taken up a position almost insultingly near him, for he hit a hard raking shot which must have caused many painful hands before it was retrieved by an unemployed club-maker, one Robert Hall, who received from the new Captain the customary award.

Next week I propose telling "the whole story" of the Walker Cup.

At Cruden Bay

Captain and Mrs. Gordon-Duff with their guests, Mr. Edward Mayer and Mr. Robert Cauldfield. Captain Gordon-Duff is stopping at his country seat, Moy House, Morayshire, and the party motored ninety miles to enjoy golf on one of the few links where Sunday play is allowed

The Battle of Abergavenny

Which took place between 1st Battalion Monmouthshire Regiment and the H.A.C., won by the former by 6½ points to 3½. Above are four of the competitors, Gilbert Young, Captain W. J. Roche (Irish Rugger International), W. G. Trace, and Lieutenant H. Lloyd

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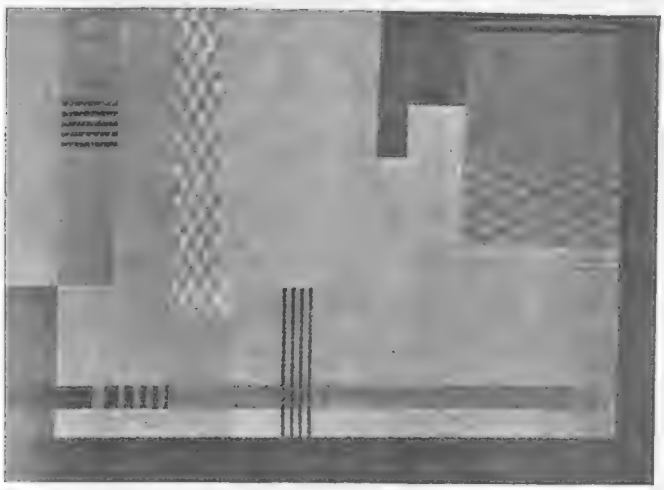

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6	0	×	7	6	5	8	9	12	0	×	9	0	8	14	0
9	0	×	9	0	6	10	6	12	0	×	10	6	10	3	0
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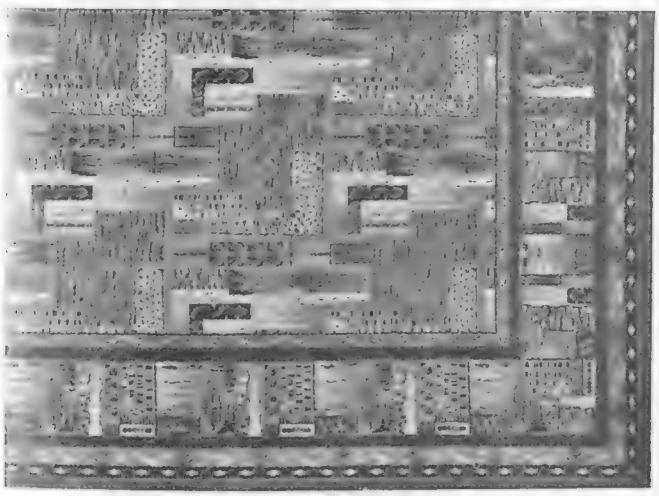

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7	6	×	6	0	2	13	9	10	6	×	10	6	6	11	9
9	0	×	6	0	3	4	6	12	0	×	9	0	6	9	0
9	0	×	7	6	4	0	9	12	0	×	10	6	7	10	6
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To-day's Great Show: By Lady Kitty Ritson

WHEN you pick up this newspaper, it will be the first day of the English Kennel Club Show, the most important show in all the world, bar none: the show to which fanciers flock from all parts of the world, and where to win is to obtain the hall-mark of recognition.

Here you will find American, Canadian, French, German, and even Japanese fanciers, all intent upon buying the best specimens of the breed they fancy. Here are the stalls of the big biscuit-makers, firms whose names I have seen on bags of biscuits as far south as Chili and as far north as Le Pas, in Manitoba. Here are dog-leads, dog-baskets, rugs, and kennels, and here, last, but certainly not least, are the dogs—2524 of them, from Yorkshire terriers to Afghan hounds.

SPANIELS head the list with an entry of 297, and that is as it should be, for this is an English show, and we want to see British dogs prominent. Those gay little dogs, Cairns, have also provided a splendid entry of 209, and, of course, wire-haired terriers are well en évidence. There is a great interest being taken by the public, as far as foreign dogs are concerned, in the spitz family, that curious race of dogs, which is so old, and of whose origin so little is known. They include the keeshond, the elkhound, the Finnish spitz, and the samoyede, and, I think, the chow, although some of his admirers won't listen to this suggestion.

THERE are always a certain number of foreign dogs in the Any Variety classes, for which separate classes are not provided, and these classes are the "nursery," so to speak, where breeds which may one day be immensely popular can be found by the discerning and far-seeing exhibitor. This year these classes will contain Lhassa terriers and Thibetan spaniels, and a few other Asiatic breeds. It is always worth watching these classes, if only for the knowledge that can be gained.

The Athletic Alsatian

Ajax of Tacoma jumping over a six-foot barrier during the autumn meeting of the Associated Sheep, Police, and Army Dog Society

IF, when you read this article, you feel inclined to pay a visit to the largest show in the world, it is very easy to get there. You will find trains departing every twenty minutes from Victoria for the Crystal Palace, and there is a covered way which enables you to walk in comfort from the station to the Palace. There are good dining-rooms where you can get an excellent luncheon, or, if you feel economically inclined, you can content yourself with a cup of tea and a sandwich. If you are on the look-out for a pet dog, here is the very place to find one, for there are moderately priced dogs as well as expensive ones to be found, but they are all pedigree, and they all bear illustrious kennel names.

SOME of these kennel names stand for much in the far corners of the world, such as "——of Ware," "Out of the West," and "—— of Notts." They stand for fair dealing, good value, and all that has made the name of England pre-eminent in the stock-breeding world at large, and the Kennel Club Show is the epitome of all that is best in dogdom.

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The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

"HEADS RULE HEARTS."

The Importance of a Sleek, Well-Groomed Coiffure, and the Way to Ensure One.

WHEN one hears about this or that film actress being "groomed for stardom," one immediately pictures the golden heads with which the screen has familiarised us: symmetrical rows of waves, perfectly posed curls, and a surface as glossy as the satin-like coat of racehorses. True, they are apt to discard the groomed look when they *do* attain stardom!—witness the mane of an unbroken colt which Garbo affects! But she is a law unto herself, breaks all the rules and wins the game!

A head superlatively soigné should be the desideratum of every woman who subscribes to the policies of beauty and fashion. The effect of the most charming frocks and hats can be spoiled by badly dressed hair. A great deal can be done to enhance beauty by a more becoming arrangement of the hair. The present coiffurial fashions are delicious, loose waves and soft curls, "set" to contradict any defect of facial contour or emphasise beauties of brow and cheek and ear. The newest hats and bérets call, imperatively, for the perfect coiffure. Money and time spent on acquiring it and maintaining it is well spent.

IT is the maintenance of a chic setting which presents the difficulty. One may come from the hairdresser elated by the effect of the soft waves and curls of one's newly-shampooed, plastically-cut and expertly-set "permanent," but what of "to-morrow and to-morrow"?

Unless one has learnt how lightly to comb recalcitrant locks back into their appointed place and takes steps to keep the lines of the original setting, the soigné look is soon lost.

It is really very simple if one devotes a little intelligent care to the subject. It is essential to brush the hair thoroughly before going to bed in order to maintain its health, cleanliness, gloss, and suppleness, then it should be re-set with deft fingers and combed into its original waves and curls; a net must then be carefully put over the hair to keep it in order during the night, otherwise it will be a tumbled, unmanageable mop by the morning. If a net is worn, the hair can be lightly combed through in the morning and will then be ready "dressed" for the day.

ANOTHER point in favour of wearing a net at night is that if any cream is left on the face during sleep, stray locks will almost surely come in contact with it, and the whole head of hair soon become unattractively greasy in consequence.

But the choice of the best sleeping-net is important. If it is badly shaped, it may do more harm than good, or fail to cover and keep in place the important side-pieces. If it does not conform to the shape of the head, it will be uncomfortable and interfere with sleep, which is an important part of beauty culture.

THE little sleeping-net which has been distinguished from competitors by the name "Ladye Jayne Slumber Helmet," happily overcomes all these difficulties. It is designed to fit the head perfectly and comfortably, and is actually decorative. No one need mind being seen in these becoming lace or silken-meshed little "bonnets," which frame the face as did the "boudoir cap," which was worn purely for coquettish and not for practical reasons. They can be had in different colours to match nighties, pyjamas, or bedroom wraps. They are easily adjusted and impalable when once they are on the head. Everyone who respects their coiffure, and has the justifiable vanity to want to look nice even when asleep, should lay in a stock of "Ladye Jayne Slumber Helmets," the perfected and standardised hair nets.

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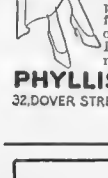

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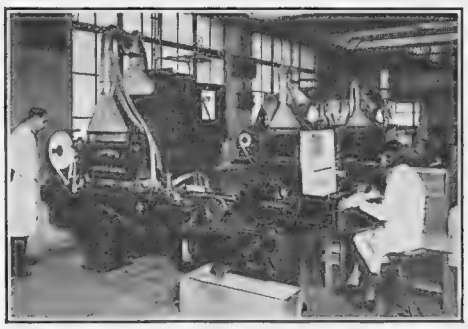

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CAFÉ

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DRAIN the liquor from two dozen oysters, mix with it a small teacupful of hot water, add a little pepper and salt, and set over the fire in a saucepan. When it boils, take off the scum and add a cupful of milk. Let it boil up quickly, then put in the oysters, and let it boil three minutes longer. Add a good lump of butter, and when this is melted take from the fire and serve at once.

Civet de Lièvre

CUT the hare into neat pieces and wipe them; take ½ lb. of bacon, cut it into strips, and fry in a saucepan; then add the hare, and let it sauté for ten minutes. Add half a pint of port wine, a bouquet garni, and a dozen mushrooms; let this simmer gently for one hour, then add half a pint of brown sauce and twenty button onions, which must be blanched; let all simmer again for half an hour, remove the bouquet garni, and add one gill of tomato sauce, half a gill of glaze, and one tablespoonful of chutney. Serve in a pyramid with fried croutons round.

Navets à la Béchamel

CUT some turnips in quarters and pare them into balls of equal size. Put them in a stewpan and cover them with good veal stock or water. Add a little salt, a lump of sugar, and boil them quickly until quite tender, but not at all broken. Dish them up with a rich thick white sauce poured over them.

Pommes au Beurre

CORE the apples and cut round with a very sharp knife under the skin so that they can expand, but do not peel them, and fill up the hole with butter, marmalade, and brown sugar. Put each apple on a piece of bread about half an inch thick, having first thickly buttered it, and then spread thickly with marmalade, together with a little brown sugar. Then put each piece of bread with its own apple on it on a fireproof dish, making sure that each stands separately and does not touch its fellow. Thickly butter the dish, and put a number of pieces of butter and a dessertspoonful of marmalade in the dish. Then pour in a little water, sprinkle with brown sugar over all, and bake for about half an hour, basting frequently with butter. The apples must be served in the dish in which they are cooked.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

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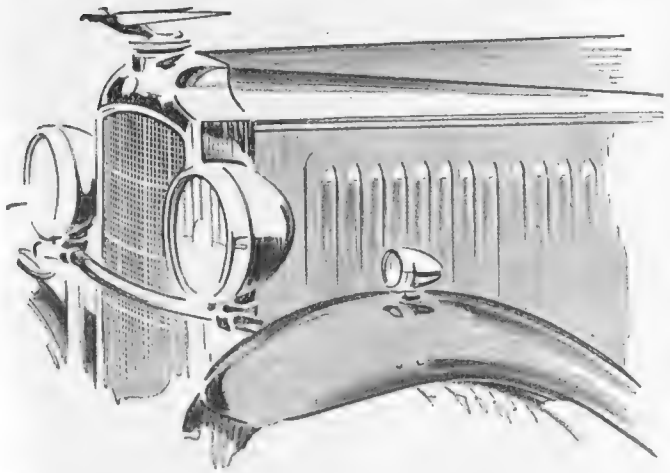

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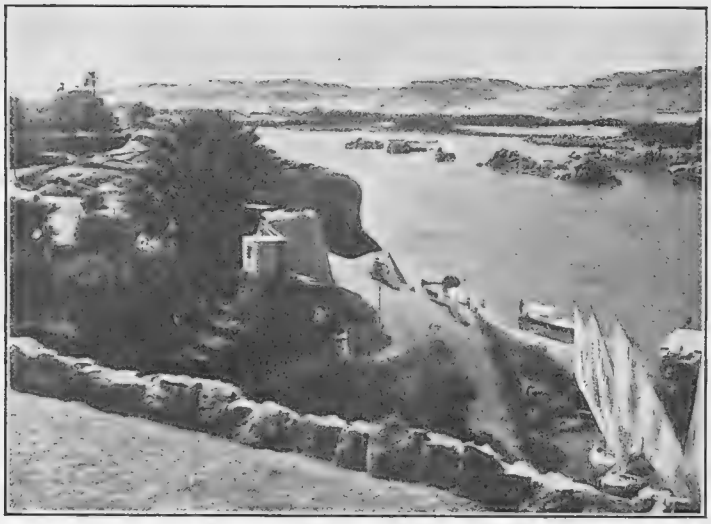

From the garden of the Cataract Hotel at Assuan can be seen a typical Nile landscape, but altered where the great dam has affected the flow of the river. The huge blocks of granite, between which the Nile runs for many miles, are polished smooth by the water

Why Egypt?

"Egypt! The name has spelt beauty, romance, mystery and magic in the hearts of many. Visited—and, alas! sometimes unvisited—it has been the inspiration of poets and painters, playwrights and—just ordinary people. The beauty of a country may be the beauty of peace, of green fields, babbling brooks, cloud-topped mountains, of flowers on the hill and by the roadside, but it may just as well be a beauty of strong colourings and strong contrasts, of a blue Mediterranean and a yellow Egyptian sand, and of a velvet sky warmed by a red-hot sun or cooled by a snow-white moon. And of romance, mystery, magic? Cairo, the Pyramids, the Sphinx. Temples at Luxor, Cataracts, the Nile. Can you tell of any names that have enshrined in them more of romance, mystery or magic?" These are a few answers for anyone who asks why Egypt is a good place to visit, and a few reasons why those who have visited return again and again. And for those who are not interested in beauty and history alone, the Editor of *Egypt and the Sudan*, from whose article the above quotation comes, has this to say to them: "But there is the climate. Let him [the traveller] open his shuttered window each morning and find the eternal sunshine there to greet him. There is racing, polo, golf, tennis, croquet, bowls, and all with no 'if' about the weather! Hotels there are where Epicurus would have waited impatient for the dinner-gong and Bacchus led a riot to the cellars; an opera house that draws upon the world for its gifts of song and play."

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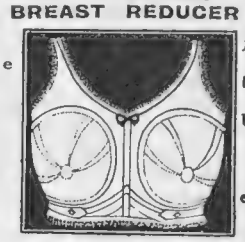

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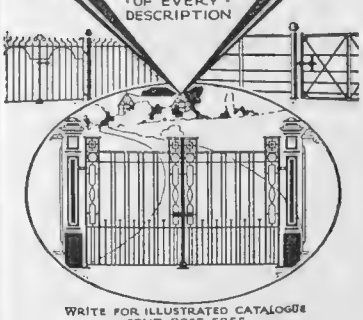

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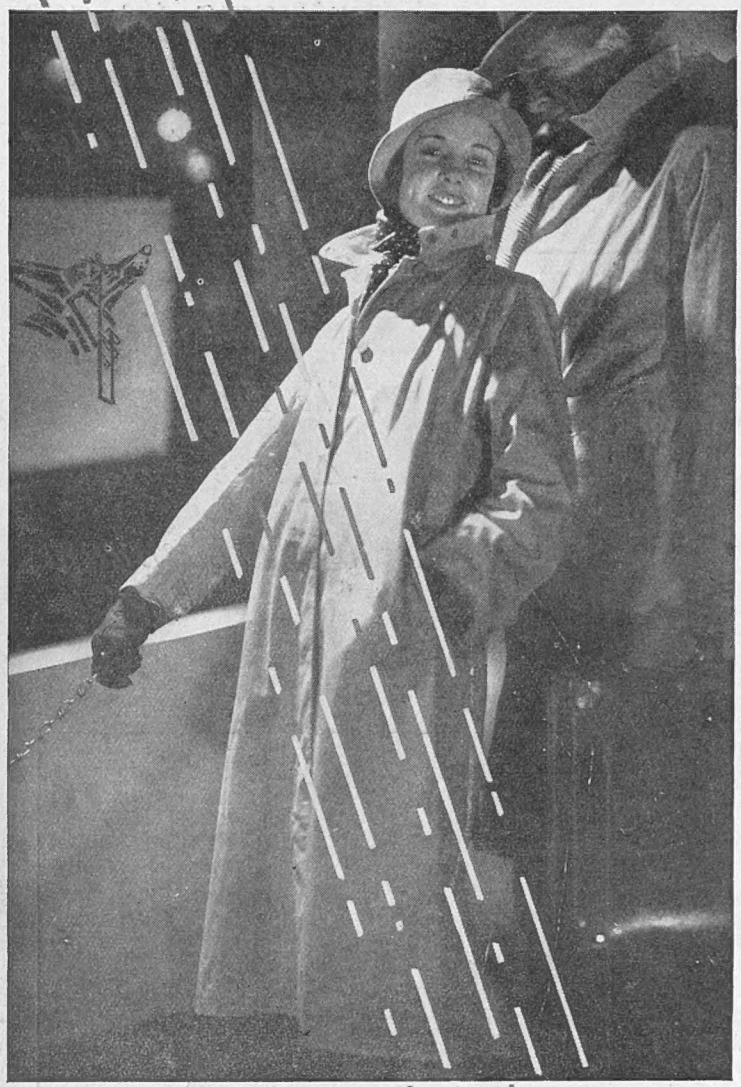

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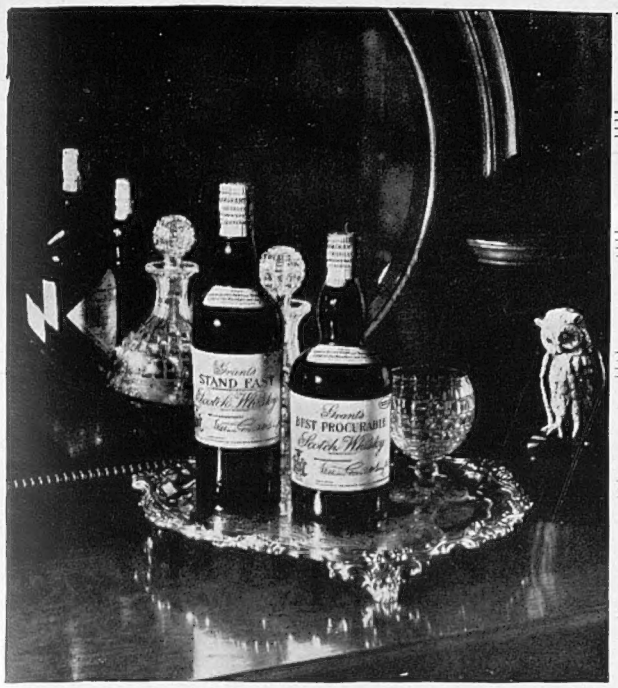

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